MAD®

OUR PRICE
$1.75
SUPER CHEAP

SUPER SPECIAL SUMMER 1981

FEATURING A SUPER SPECIAL FULL-COLOR FOLD-OUT BONUS:

14 MAD CAR & HOME WINDOW STICKERS

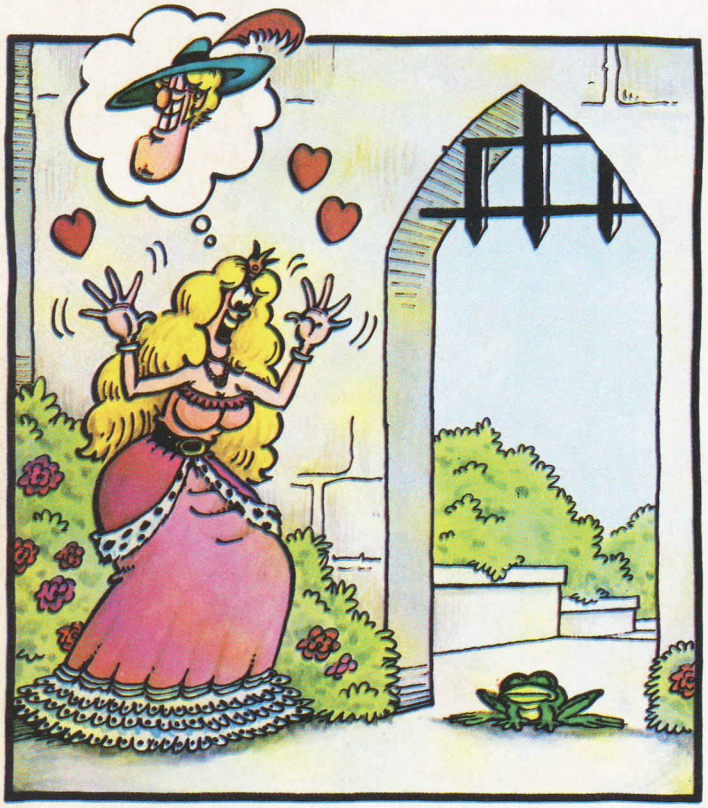
PERFORATED AND SELF-STICKING FOR EASY USE AND ABUSE!

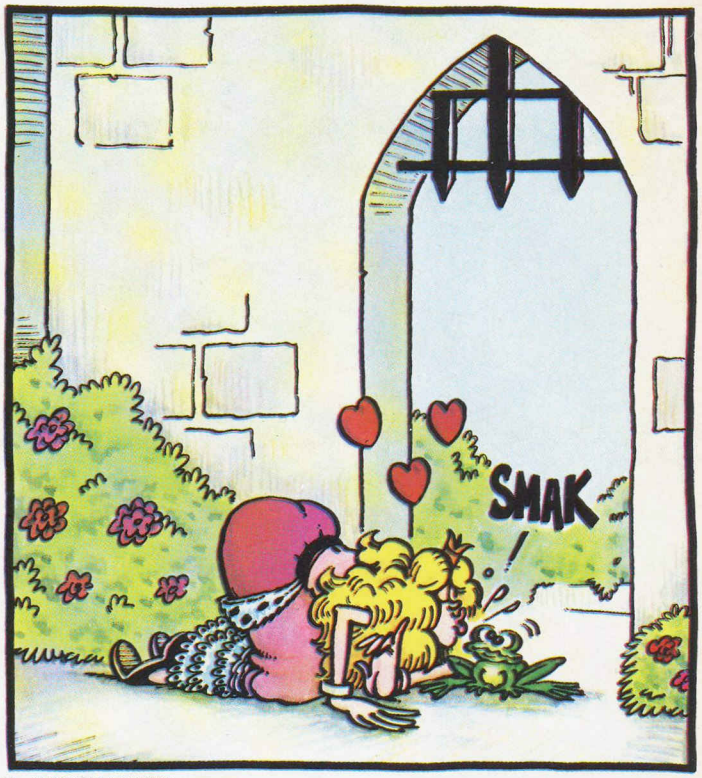
12
0 70989 34080

MORE

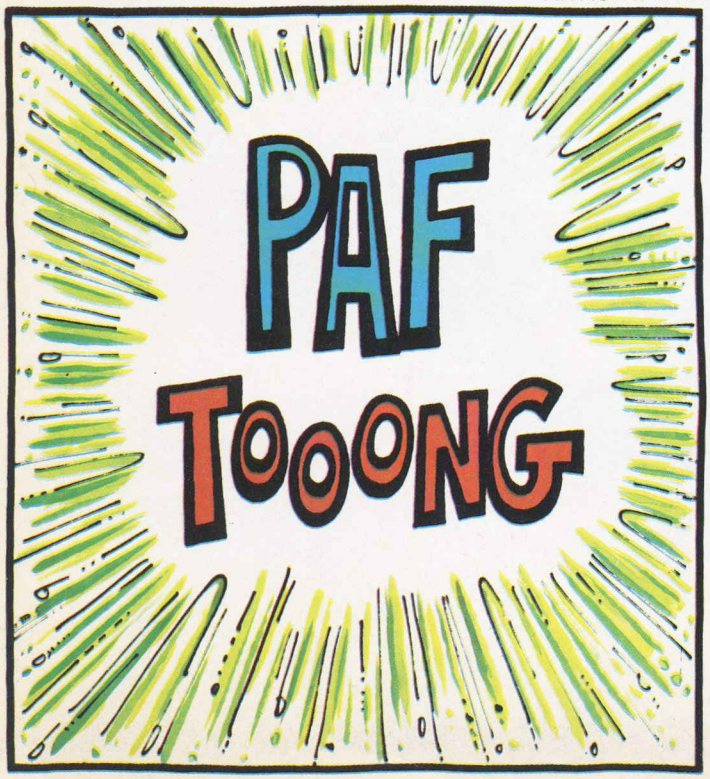
SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

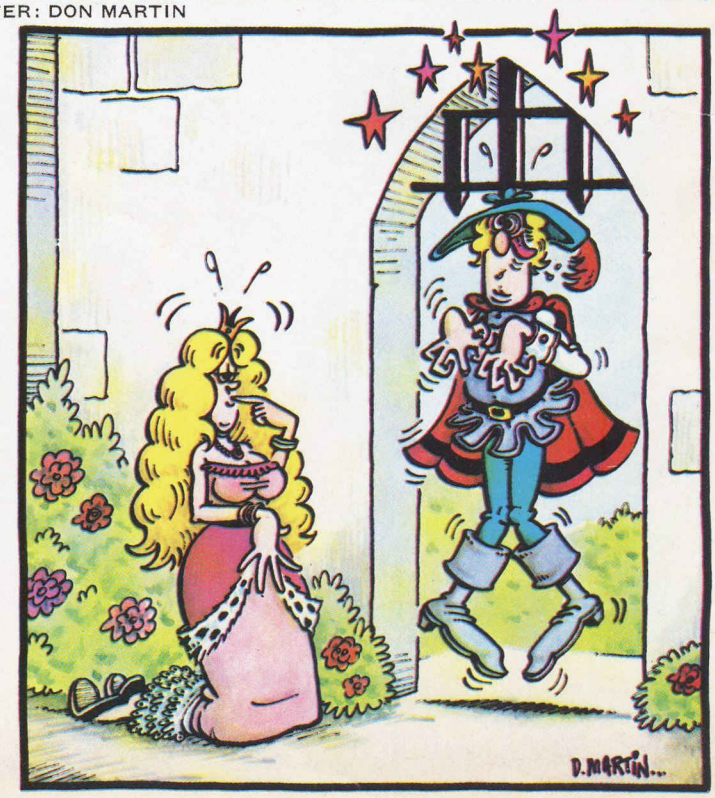
(THE FROG PRINCE)





ARTIST & WRITER: DON MARTIN





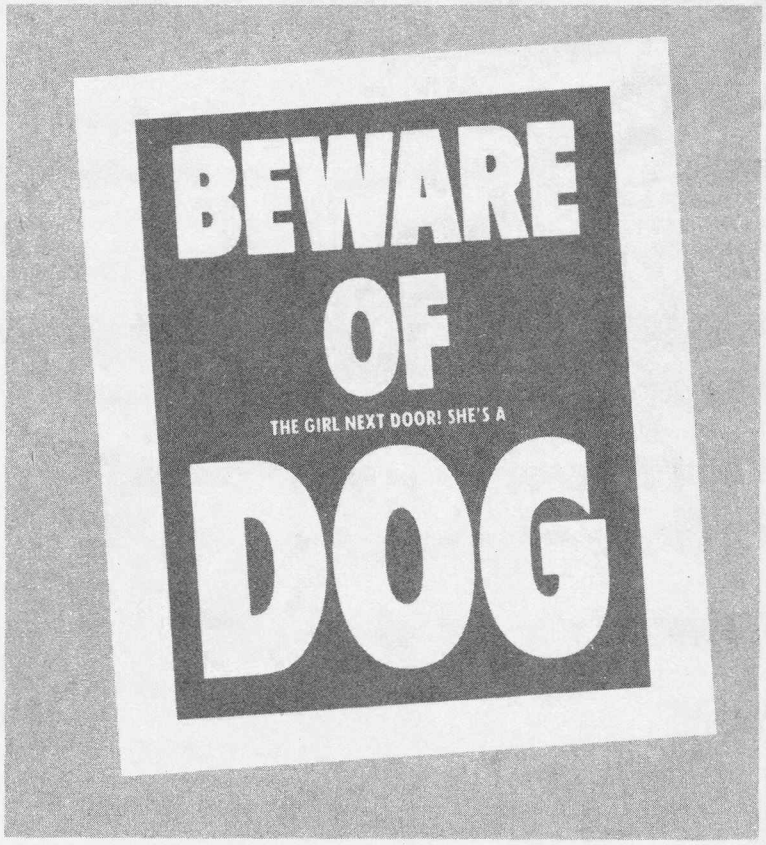
SUMMER 1981 MAD SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE

"Better late than never . . . unless you're going to the dentist!" —Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots



MAD SUMMER '81 SUPER SPECIAL NUMBER 35, Published by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. **Entire contents Copyright © 1975, 1976 and 1980 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The names and characters used in MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence.**
Printed in U.S.A.

DEPARTMENTS

(In Order Of Their Appearance)

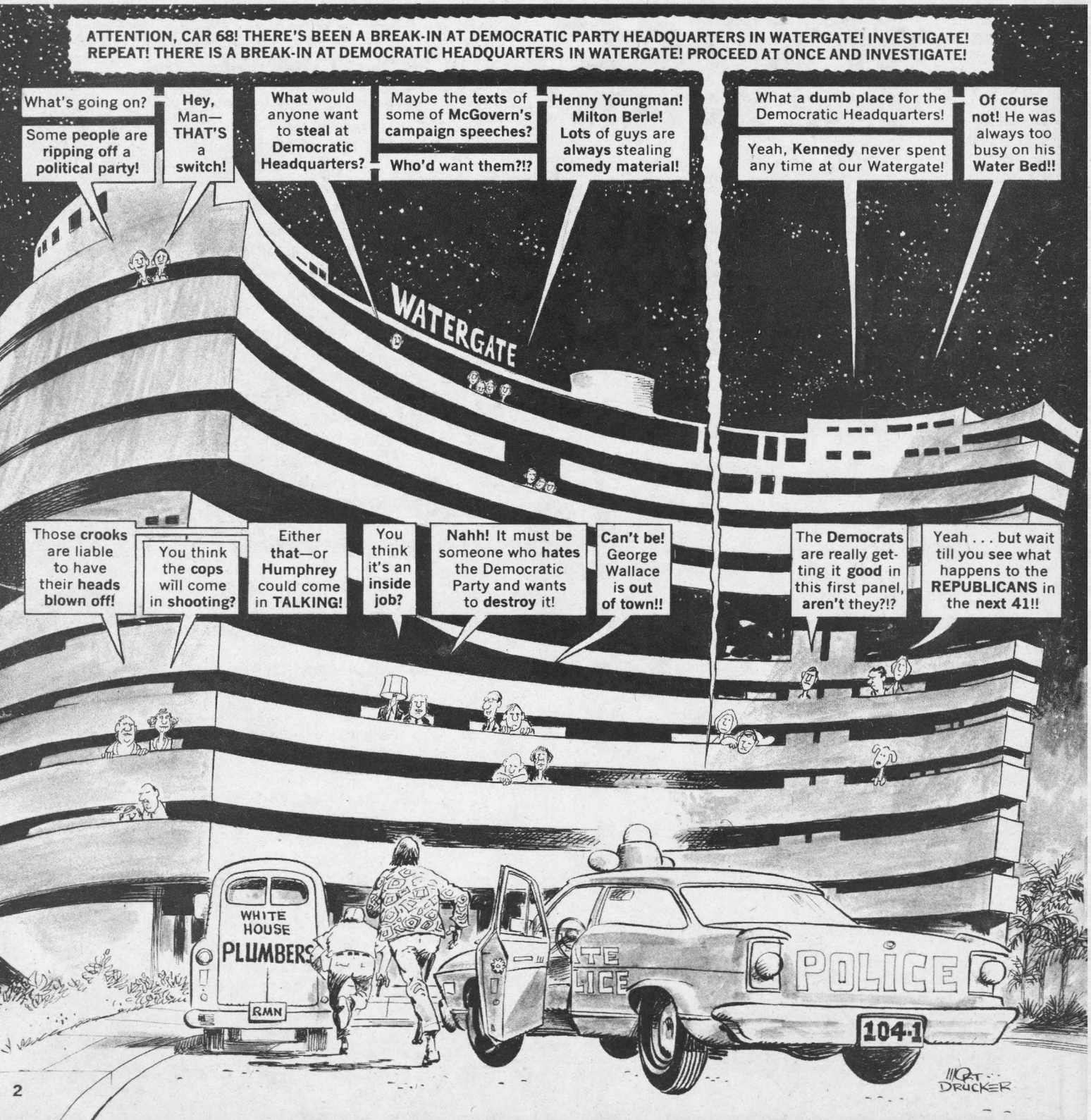
WASHINGTON POST-MORTEM DEPARTMENT
"Gall Of The President's Men" (Movie Satire) 2
DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
Late One Afternoon At The Warsaw Dike 9
One Fine Afternoon In A Gym 25
Late One Afternoon Last January 54
One Fine Day At A Corner 71
CLICHE IT AGAIN, SAM! DEPARTMENT
Has Anybody Ever Really Heard . . . ? 10
TELLY LIKE IT IS DEPARTMENT
Where Else But On TV . . . ? .....
BERG'S EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side Of Grooming 16
The Lighter Side Of Consumers 50
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 21, 60
CHEAP SHOTS DEPARTMENT
MAD Penny-Pinching Hints 22
COMMON CENSOR DEPARTMENT
MAD's "Nice" Graffiti 26
BUGS FUNNY DEPARTMENT
The Cockroach 28
SMELLY FEATS DEPARTMENT
The Neuman Book Of World Records 29
UP YOUR GLASS DEPARTMENT
MAD Car & Home Window Stickers ..... Insert
ALMA MARTYRS DEPARTMENT
A MAD Look At 50 Years Of College Life 33
POLL-ISH JOKE DEPARTMENT
MAD's First Reader Survey 41
INCIDENT REPLAY DEPARTMENT
What's The Story . . . ? 42
HUMANE BEING DEPARTMENT
Getting Involved 44
OLD FOLKS TOME DEPARTMENT
Whatever Became Of . . . ? 45
QUIT WHILE YOU'RE BEHIND DEPARTMENT
What's Worse Than . . . ? 48
AD-MISSION IMPOSSIBLE DEPARTMENT
If TV Commercials Taught Us Everything 50
THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS DEPARTMENT
MAD's "Traffic Commissioner" Of The Year 55
PITY LARCENY DEPARTMENT
People It's Hard To Feel Sorry For 58
TAKE COVERAGE! DEPARTMENT
Other Forms Of Malpractice Insurance 61
CY-NACL DEPARTMENT
Take It With A Grain Of Salt When 64
"SEASON'S BLEATINGS" DEPARTMENT
MAD's Christmas Carols For The Holiday Season 72
THE FATUOUS FIFTIES DEPARTMENT
"Crappy Days" (TV Show Satire) 75
MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones ..... **

**Various Places Around The Magazine

WASHINGTON POST-MORTEM DEPT.

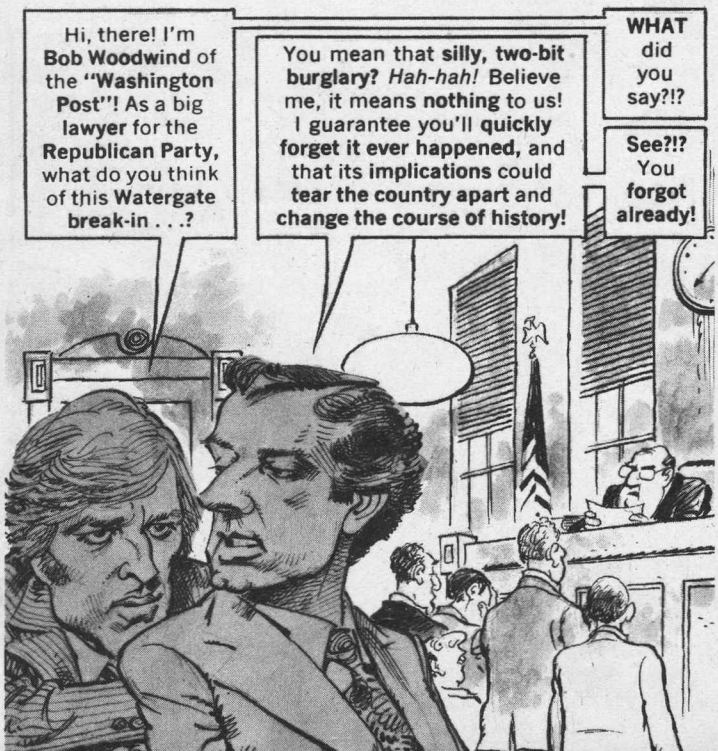
For more than four years, we've all read about "Watergate" in newspapers, we've watched it on television, we've heard about it on radio and we've read about it in best-seller books! Now, before it becomes a TV Series with a different law-breaker indicted every week (and no need for Summer re-runs because there's plenty of crooks to go around for years!), here's MAD's version of the smash-hit "WATERGATE MOVIE"! The time is 1972, the place is Washington, D.C., and we are about to discover the unmitigated . . .

GALL PRESI



OF THE DENT'S MEN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Hey, Chief! Did you hear about the **Watergate burglary** last night?!? It's **dynamite!** Please—**put me on it!** I'm **dying** to **cover** it!

Okay, Burnsteam! What's the **story...?**

I—I don't know!!

Oh, boy—have **I** got a **partner** for **you!!**

Look, Burnsteam ...I don't mind **criticism,** but I can't stand **nagging! You're** not my **partner** ...you're **acting** like my **MOTHER!!**

Don't be **ridiculous!** And **stop slouching** over your **typewriter!** What's **this?!** You call this a **news story** for a **growing boy?!** Wait till I tell your **Father!!**

See? See? You did **it again!!**

Did **WHAT?** Stop being **PARANOID!**

But...you just said—

And don't talk with your **mouth full!!**

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, YOU CAN BUY A USED CAR FROM ME!

Let's go with that **story,** you guys! The **Editor's waiting** for it!

Burnsteam, you egotistical **fink!** You've **re-written** my draft **three times!** You've **changed** practically **everything I wrote!** There're maybe **TWO WORDS left** that are **mine! Now** what's holding the story up . . . ?!?

I don't like the two words!

What's **wrong** with **"Bob Woodwind"?!?**

Here's the story, Mr. Boldlee! And it's **Page One stuff!**

"Dateline, Washington—Hi, readers. Get ready for the biggest event in newspaper history. Unfortunately, we don't know what the story is yet, but—wowie—take it from us, it's a biggie! Now here are all the things we don't know so far: First—"

Good Lord, you call this mess a **STORY!?** It's a **NOTHING!** You didn't even follow the **basic 5 "W's"** of **Journalism: Who? Where? When? What?** and **How?** Get these bums out! I need **reporters!** I need **newspapermen...!**

Sir... **"How" doesn't begin** with a **"W"!**

I ALSO need **spellers!**

Now you punks **go out** and **dig up facts!** And **don't ever come in** with a pile of garbage like **this** and expect me to print it on **Page One!**

What should I **do** with this pile of garbage?

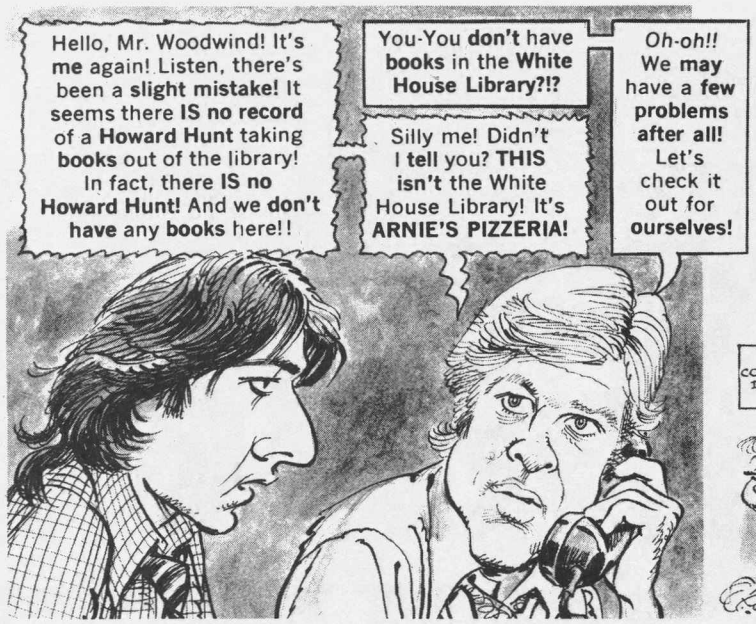
Put it on **Page 3—** where it **belongs!**

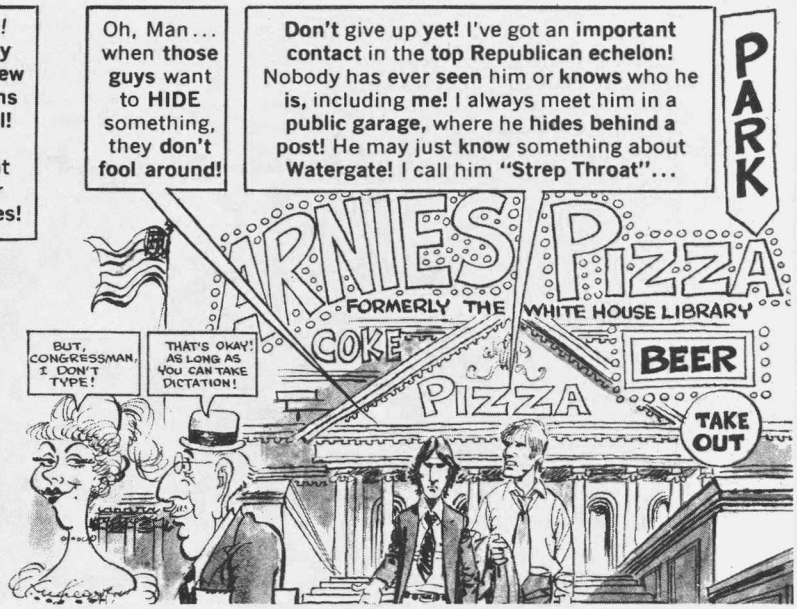
Oh, Man! Who ever heard of a **news story** with **facts!** I think I'll **quit** the **paper**...work up some **comedy routines**...and go into **Show Business!!**

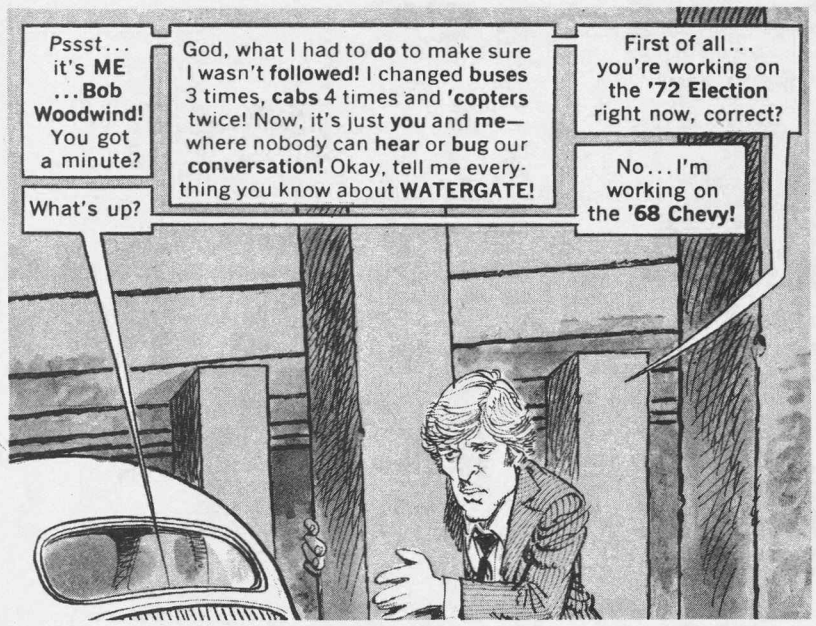
Forget it! There are **no openings** on **TV News programs** these days! Look, I've got a lead! This guy **Hunt** has been taking **books** out of the **White House Library!** I think there's a **clue** there! I'll **call** them—

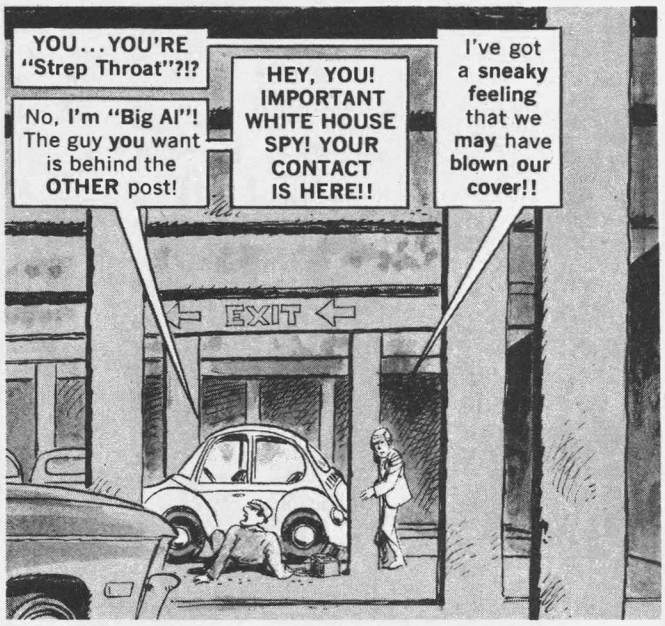
Yes, Mr. Woodwind! Howard Hunt **HAS** been taking books out of the White House Library! If you **wait** a minute, I'll give you the **titles, authors** and **dates!** It's the **least** I can do for a **total stranger** who, in the **long run,** may be **threatening my job, my career,** and **my very existence!**

This is going to be a **lot easier** than I **thought!!**

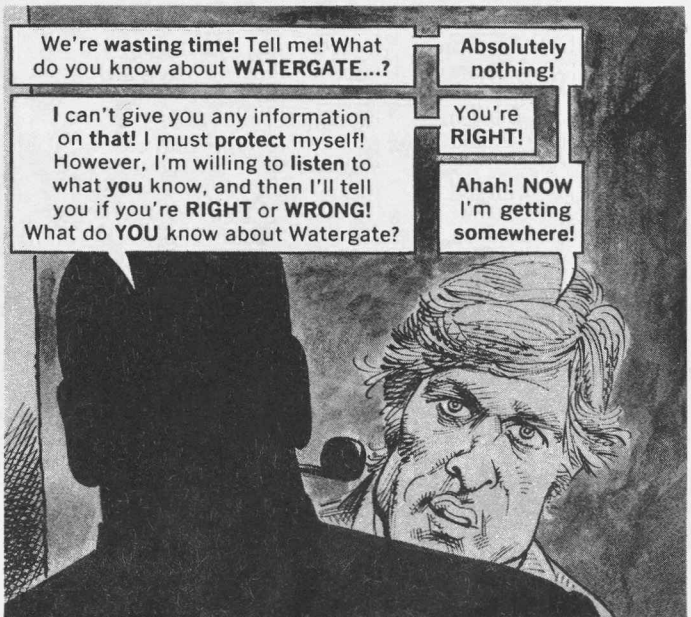

Hello, Mr. Woodwind! It's me again! Listen, there's been a slight mistake! It seems there IS no record of a Howard Hunt taking books out of the library! In fact, there IS no Howard Hunt! And we don't have any books here!!
You-You don't have books in the White House Library?!?
Silly me! Didn't I tell you? THIS isn't the White House Library! It's ARNIE'S PIZZERIA!
Oh-oh!! We may have a few problems after all! Let's check it out for ourselves!


Oh, Man... when those guys want to HIDE something, they don't fool around!
Don't give up yet! I've got an important contact in the top Republican echelon! Nobody has ever seen him or knows who he is, including me! I always meet him in a public garage, where he hides behind a post! He may just know something about Watergate! I call him "Strep Throat"...
PARK
ARNIES PIZZA
FORMERLY THE WHITE HOUSE LIBRARY
COKE
BEER
PIZZA
TAKE OUT
BUT, CONGRESSMAN, I DON'T TYPE!
THAT'S OKAY! AS LONG AS YOU CAN TAKE DICTATION!


Pssst... it's ME ...Bob Woodwind! You got a minute?
What's up?
God, what I had to do to make sure I wasn't followed! I changed buses 3 times, cabs 4 times and 'copters twice! Now, it's just you and me— where nobody can hear or bug our conversation! Okay, tell me everything you know about WATERGATE!
First of all... you're working on the '72 Election right now, correct?
No... I'm working on the '68 Chevy!


YOU... YOU'RE "Strep Throat"?!?
No, I'm "Big Al"! The guy you want is behind the OTHER post!
HEY, YOU! IMPORTANT WHITE HOUSE SPY! YOUR CONTACT IS HERE!!
I've got a sneaky feeling that we may have blown our cover!!
EXIT

You idiot! You KNOW I must have complete secrecy!
Don't worry! I'm sure he didn't see your face! Look... if it will make you happier, next time we'll meet in ANOTHER garage!
WHAT?!? You expect me to pack up and move just like that? Besides, where am I going to get RATES like this? Do you realize I only pay $5 for overnight parking here?
Only $5 . . . ? No kidding!!
Yes! And it's only $3 extra for my car!


We're wasting time! Tell me! What do you know about WATERGATE...?
Absolutely nothing!
I can't give you any information on that! I must protect myself! However, I'm willing to listen to what you know, and then I'll tell you if you're RIGHT or WRONG! What do YOU know about Watergate?
You're RIGHT!
Ahah! NOW I'm getting somewhere!

Burnsteam! Stop the presses! Tear out the front page! I've got a great lead . . .

Forget it! Look what I dug up! A secret list of 300 people on the "Committee to Re-Elect the American President" . . . or—as it's known for short—

CRAP!

Right! Now all we have to do is track them down . . .

. . . get somebody to talk, and we'll blow the story wide open! Can you imagine what a thrill it's going to be for these people to talk to real newspapermen!!

Hi, there! We're reporters with—

I've got nothing to report!!

SLAM

Hello! We're investigating—

I've got nothing to investigate!!

SLAM!

I've got a feeling all these people have been reached! Somebody from HIGH UP has ordered them not to cooperate!

I've got nothing to cooperate!!

SLAM

See what I mean?! That's 168 people we've called on and we got nothing!! You go back to the office! I just thought of a way to get into one of these houses!!

Nice of you to invite me into your home, Ma'am!

It's MY pleasure! Can I get you some cookies? How about an omelet? What say I roast you a turkey? It'll only take a few hours, and—

No thanks! And I have a confession to make! I'm really a reporter!

A REPORTER?! That's the most disgusting, lowest creature on earth! You LIED to me! You told me you were a RAPIST!!

Yeah, I'll say anything to get a story!!

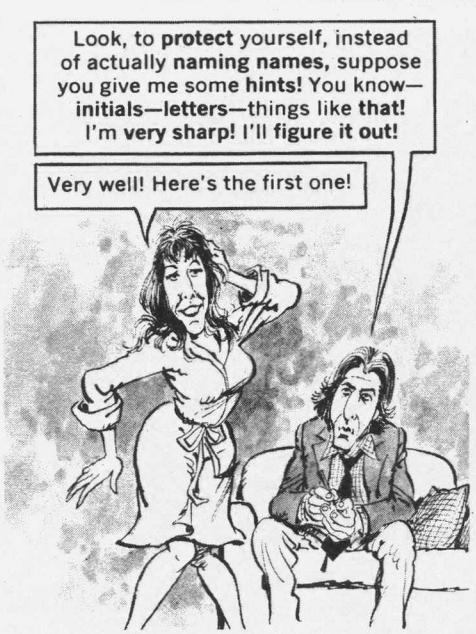
Leave me alone! I'm not talking!

We know about the "Slush Fund" and the hanky-panky that's going on! Please! Just give me some names . . .

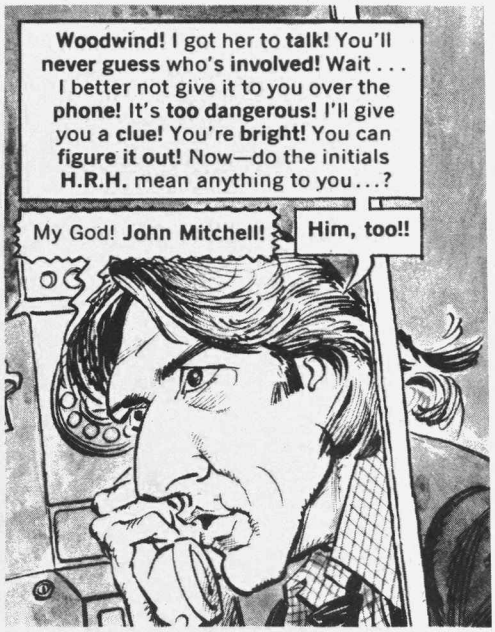
Never! A girl in my office once squealed on the Party! *Ugh!!* What awful fiendish torture they put her through! They tied her to a chair and then . . . and then . . .

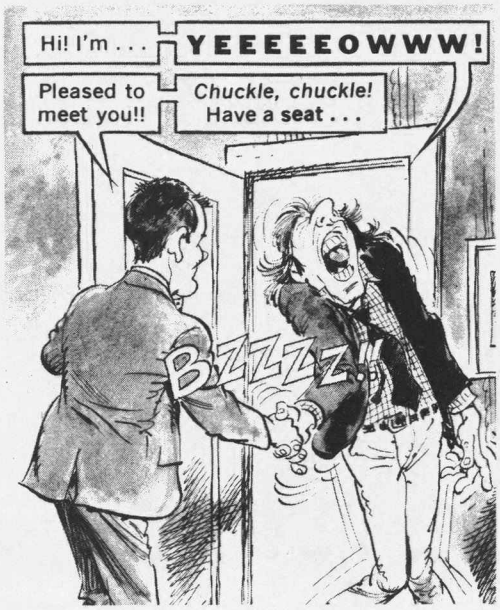
They made her listen to Nixon's "Checkers Speech". . . and watch home movies of Julie and David's wedding!!

Good Lord, those savages will stop at nothing!


Look, to **protect** yourself, instead of actually **naming names,** suppose you give me some **hints!** You know—**initials—letters**—things like **that!** I'm **very sharp!** I'll **figure it out!**
Very well! Here's the first one!

Gi'me a **J!** Gi'me an **O!** Gi'me an **H** and **N!** Gi'me an **M!** Gi'me an **I!** Gi'me a **T** and **C!** Gi'me an **H!** Gi'me an **E!** Gi'me an **L** and **L!** Boomalaka, boomalaka, sis, boom, bah! **J-O-H-N—M-I-T-C-H-E-L-L—J-O-H-N—M-I-T-C-H-E-L-L**—Rah, rah, rah!
H.R.Haldeman! Got it! **Who else?**

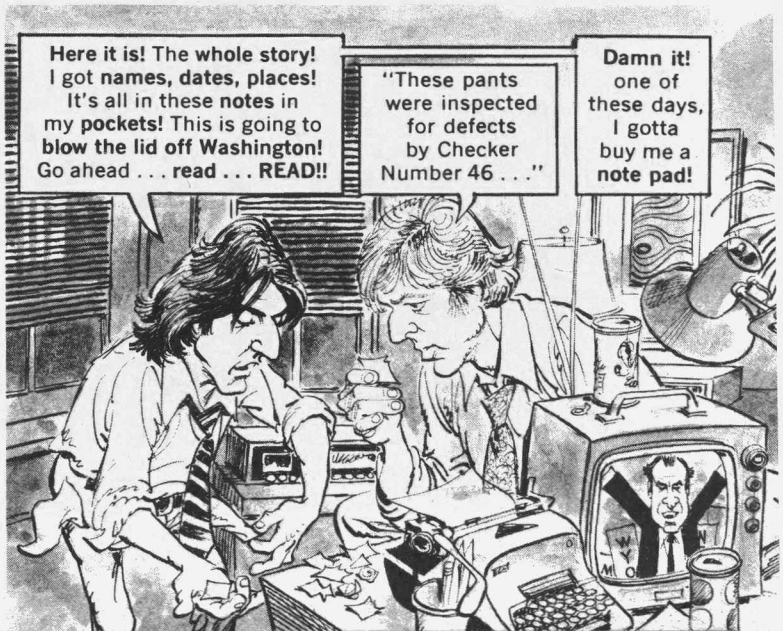

Woodwind! I got her to **talk!** You'll **never guess** who's **involved!** Wait . . . I better not give it to you over the **phone!** It's **too dangerous!** I'll give you **a clue!** You're **bright!** You can **figure it out!** Now—do the initials **H.R.H.** mean anything to you . . . ?
My God! **John Mitchell!**
Him, too!!


Hi! I'm . . .
YEEEEEOWWW!
Pleased to meet you!!
Chuckle, chuckle! Have a **seat . . .**
BZZZZZ!!

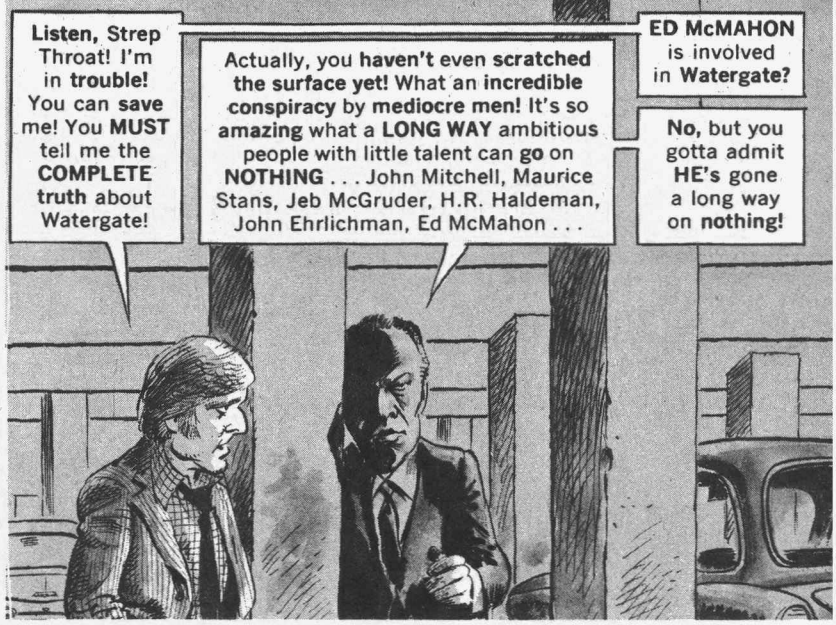
OOOPS! *Oh-oh!* Get **away** from me with that—that **flower!** I can **imagine** what's going to **happen!**
Hah-hah-hee! **Believe me . . .** this is a **REAL FLOWER!!**
BRAAPP!

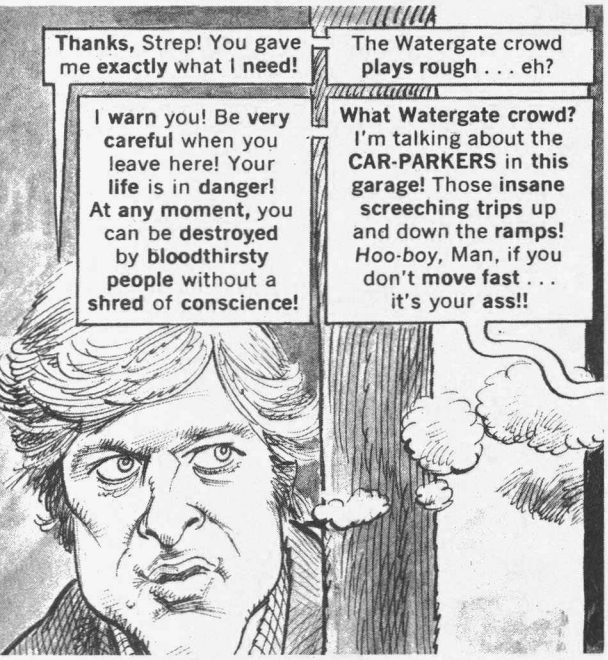
It's **THAT flower** you have to **worry** about!! *Hah-hah-hee-hee! Chuckle, chuckle, wheeze, gasp!*
SPLATT!

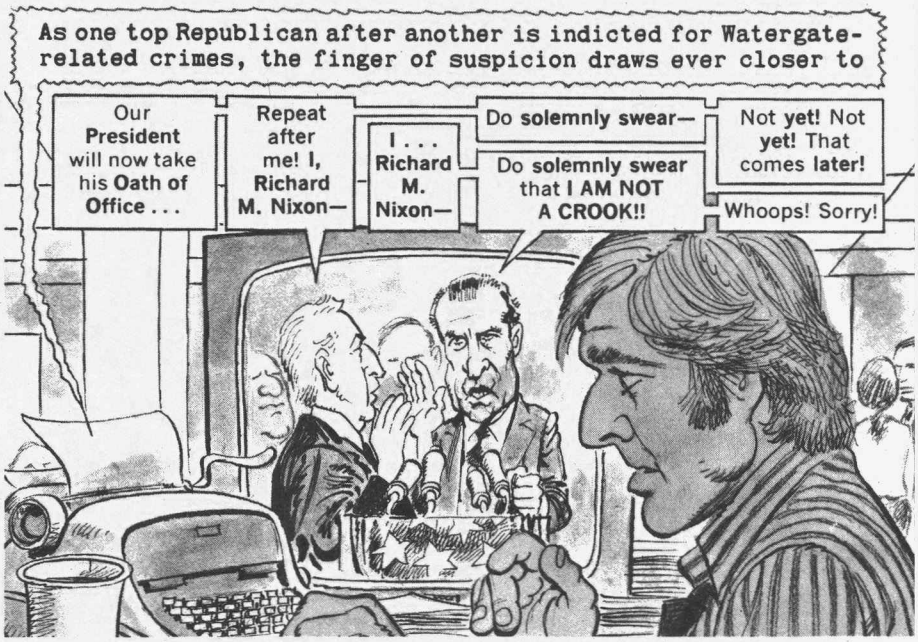
Hey, look! **ENOUGH, already!** I'm **Snarl Burnsteam** from the **"Washington Pest"**. . .
I'm **Donald Segretti** with the **"Nixon Dirty Tricks Committee!"**
Gee, I **NEVER** would've **guessed!**

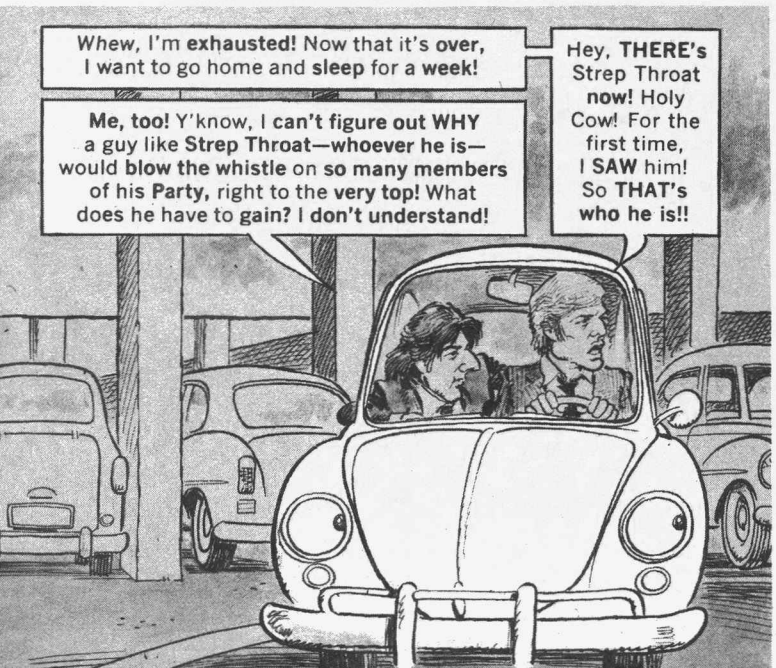

Here it is! The **whole story!** I got **names, dates, places!** It's all in these **notes** in my **pockets!** This is going to **blow the lid off Washington!** Go ahead . . . **read . . . READ!!**
"These pants were inspected for defects by Checker Number 46 . . ."
Damn it! one of these days, I gotta buy me a **note pad!**

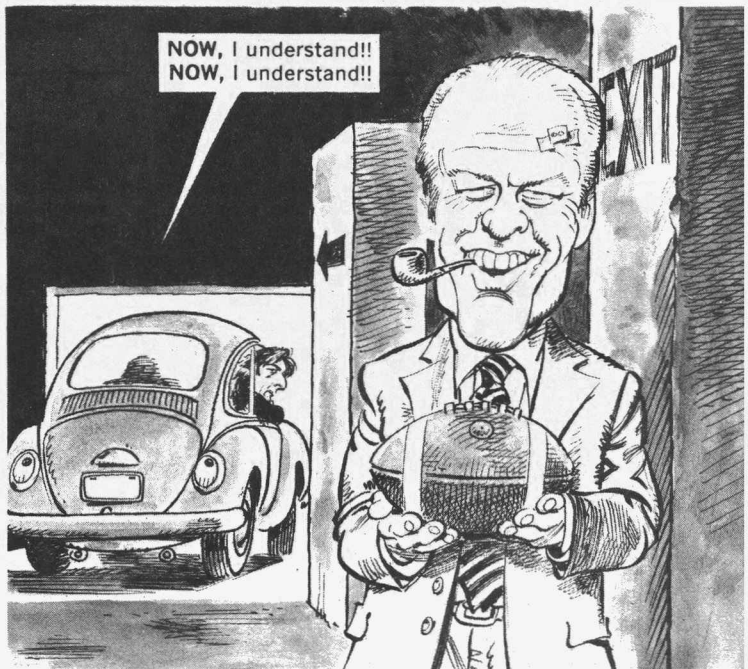
Boys, I've got bad news! All your key sources are denying everything we've printed on Watergate! And now the F.B.I. claims this is going to hurt them in the life-and-death struggle with the enemy!
But how can the TRUTH help the Russians?
WHAT Russians?! They're talking about the C.I.A.!!


Listen, Strep Throat! I'm in trouble! You can save me! You MUST tell me the COMPLETE truth about Watergate!
Actually, you haven't even scratched the surface yet! What an incredible conspiracy by mediocre men! It's so amazing what a LONG WAY ambitious people with little talent can go on NOTHING . . . John Mitchell, Maurice Stans, Jeb McGruder, H.R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, Ed McMahon . . .
ED McMAHON is involved in Watergate?
No, but you gotta admit HE's gone a long way on nothing!


Thanks, Strep! You gave me exactly what I need!
The Watergate crowd plays rough . . . eh?
I warn you! Be very careful when you leave here! Your life is in danger! At any moment, you can be destroyed by bloodthirsty people without a shred of conscience!
What Watergate crowd? I'm talking about the CAR-PARKERS in this garage! Those insane screeching trips up and down the ramps! Hoo-boy, Man, if you don't move fast . . . it's your ass!!

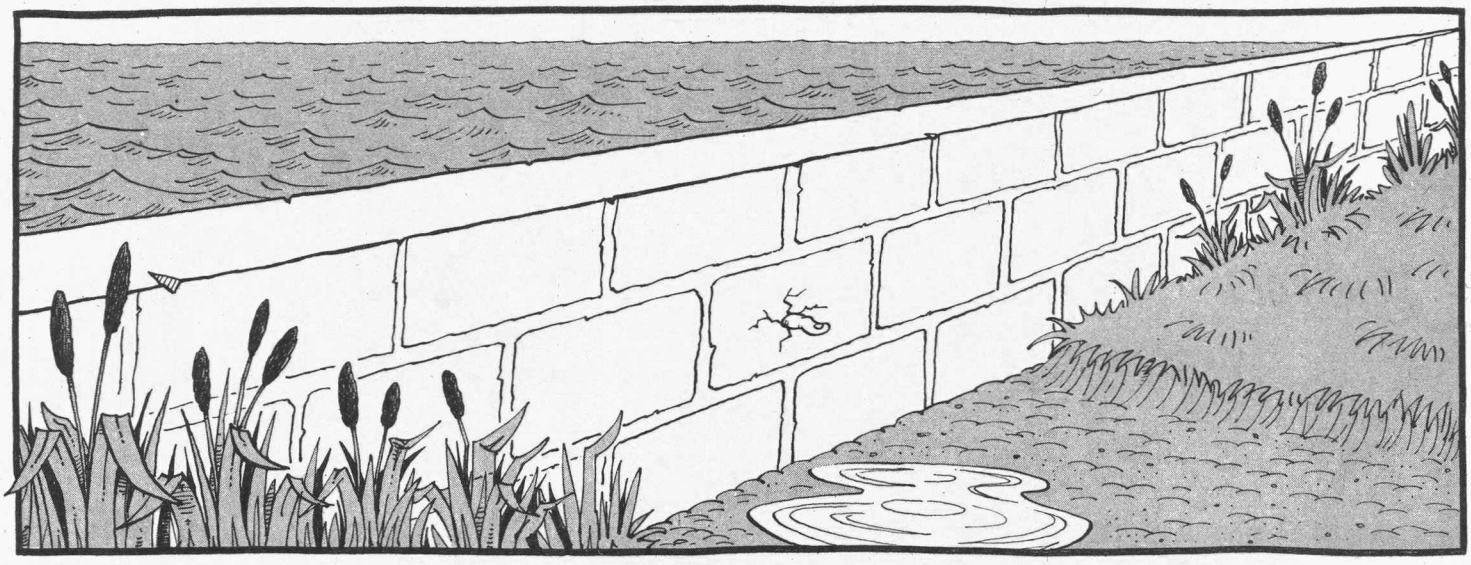

As one top Republican after another is indicted for Watergate-related crimes, the finger of suspicion draws ever closer to
Our President will now take his Oath of Office . . .
Repeat after me! I, Richard M. Nixon—
I . . . Richard M. Nixon—
Do solemnly swear—
Do solemnly swear that I AM NOT A CROOK!!
Not yet! Not yet! That comes later!
Whoops! Sorry!

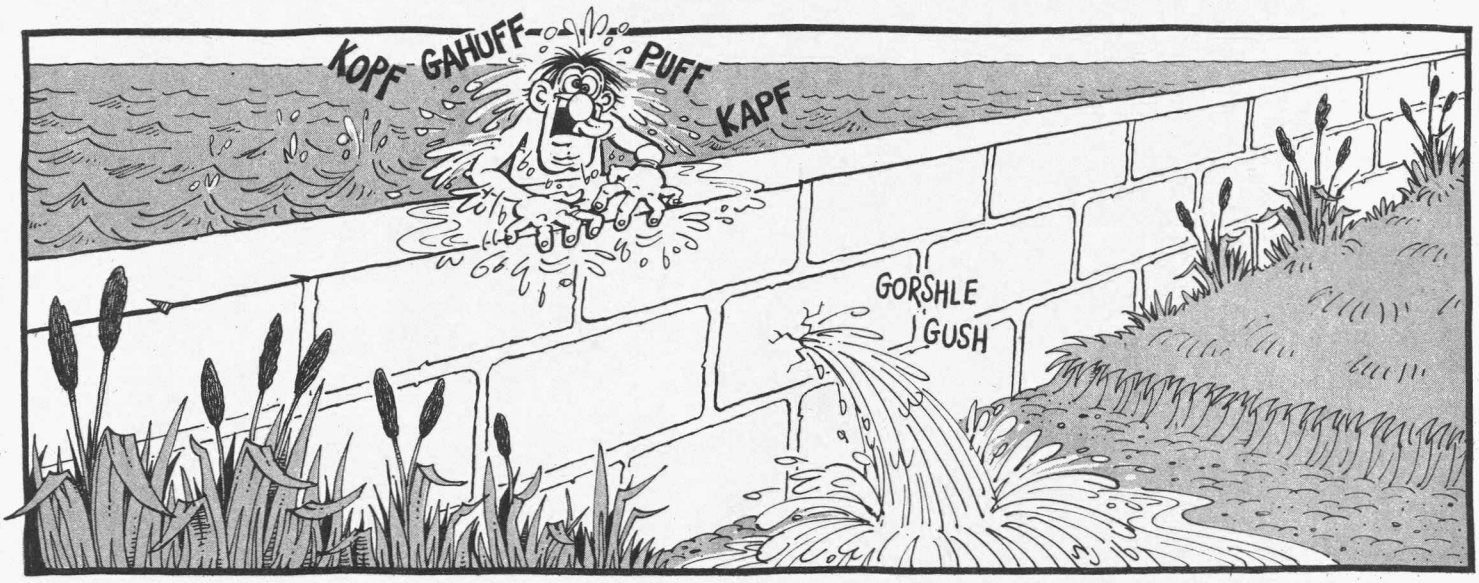

Whew, I'm exhausted! Now that it's over, I want to go home and sleep for a week!
Me, too! Y'know, I can't figure out WHY a guy like Strep Throat—whoever he is—would blow the whistle on so many members of his Party, right to the very top! What does he have to gain? I don't understand!
Hey, THERE's Strep Throat now! Holy Cow! For the first time, I SAW him! So THAT's who he is!!

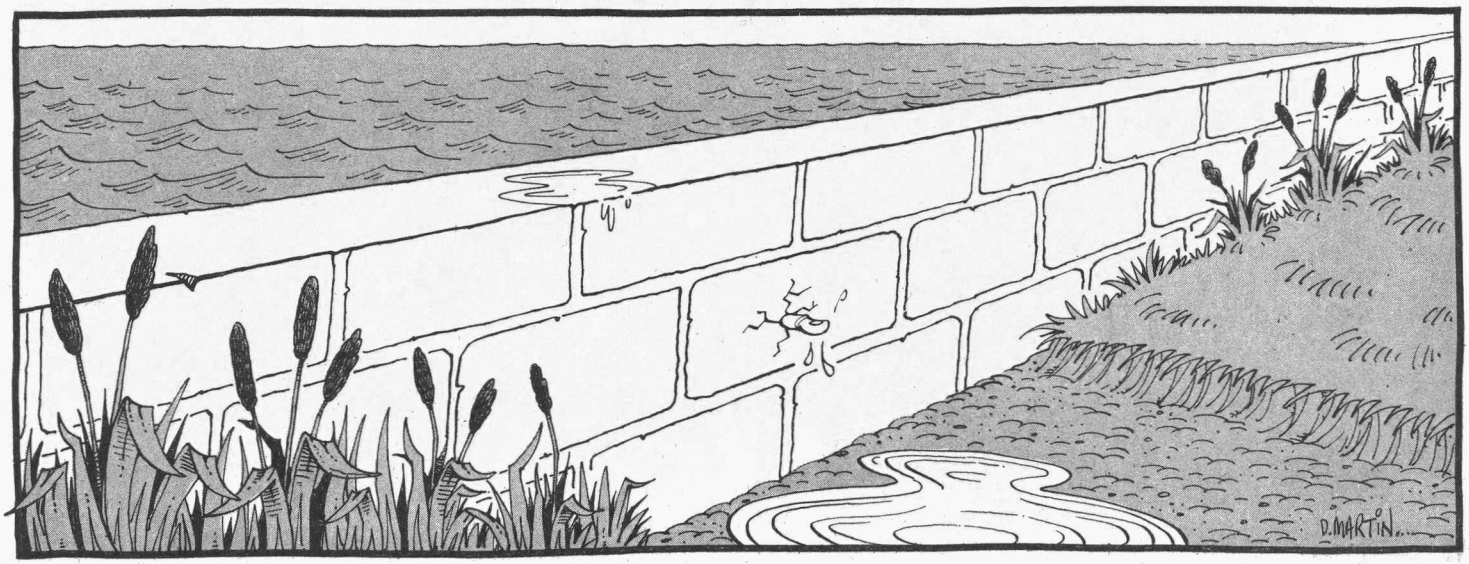

NOW, I understand!! NOW, I understand!!
EXIT

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

LATE ONE AFTERNOON AT THE WARSAW DIKE





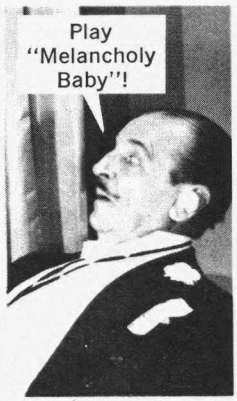


CLICHE IT AGAIN, SAM! DEPT.

HAS ANYBODY EVE

PHOTO RESEARCH BY: JERRY DE FUCCIO

A DRUNK IN A NIGHTCLUB TELL THEM TO

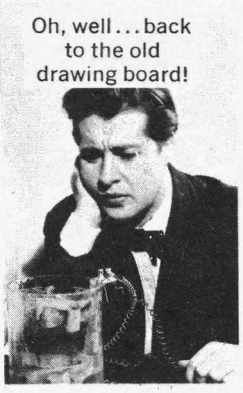


OR A RAGGED BEGGER

INTO A ROOM AND SAY

OR A BARTENDER SHOUT

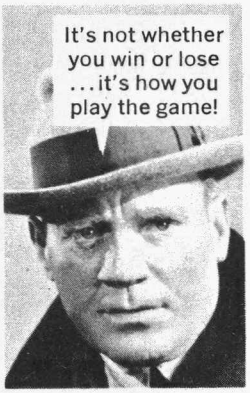
OR AN UNSUCCESSFUL INVENTOR SAY



OR A POLICEMAN CALL

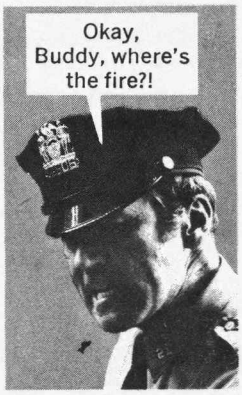
LAUNDRYMAN SAY

OR A COACH TELL A TEAM



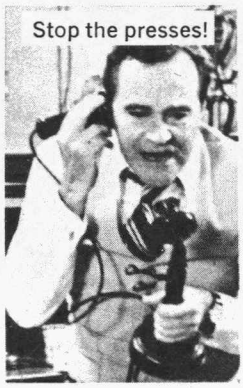
OR

OR A TRAFFIC COP ASK A SPEEDER



OR A GUY COME ON WITH

EDITOR YELL

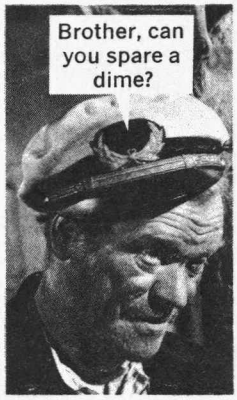


OR A MUGGER WITH A GUN SAY

OR

R REALLY HEARD...

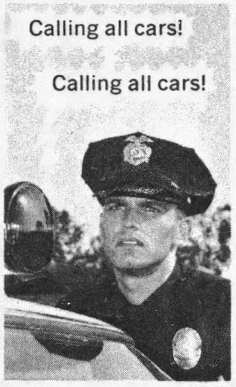
WRITER: LARRY SHARP

ASK 

OR A NEWSCASTER SAY

OR SOMEONE BOUND

OR A LUMBERJACK YELL

OR A POLICE RADIO BLARE 

OUT

OR A TRAINED PARROT SQUAWK

OR A CHINESE

A PHOTOGRAPHER SAY

OR A STAR IN A FLOP SAY

OR A SEXY FRENCH LADY SHOUT

OR A NEWSPAPER

SOMEONE SAY TO A CAB DRIVER

OR ANYONE SAY

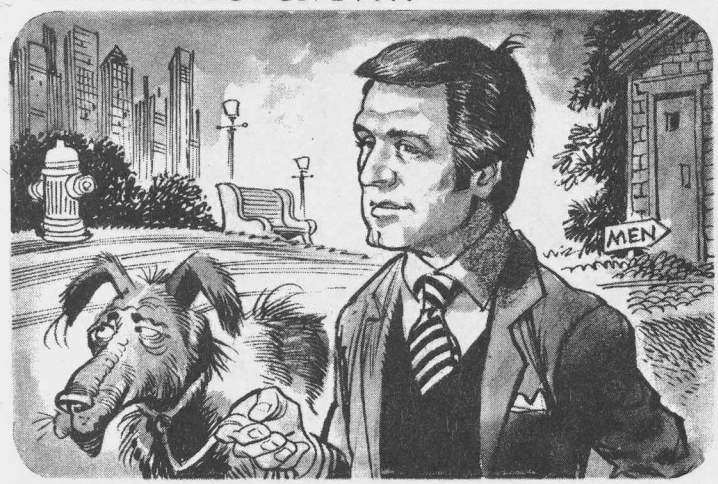
TELLY LIKE IT IS DEPT.

The most frequent criticism of television comes from those who find TV's emphasis on sex and violence to be "an unrealistic depiction of American life." Apparently these critics get so wrapped up watching all that sex and violence that they never even notice the *really dumb* things on TV. Whoo-boy . . . talk about *unrealistic!* MAD invites all the anti-sex and anti-violence people to tell us if they can . . .

WHERE ELSE

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: TOM KOCH

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .



. . . do pet dogs and their charming masters share the amazing trait of never having to go to the bathroom?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . does a Postman always bring vitally important letters, but never any unsolicited catalogues or bills or junk mail?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . is it unnecessary for an apartment building to have a directory or an inter-com because there are always twenty gorgeous girls lolling around the pool . . . ready to supply the information (or anything else) a person might desire?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . is there never the nuisance of taking off coats and galoshes because it's never cold or raining? (In fact, there's rarely weather of *any* kind on TV shows, except on Christmas Eve, when it suddenly starts snowing everywhere.)

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . do people who are eager for details of some specific news event invariably turn on their TV set at the exact moment the report they want to hear is being broadcast?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

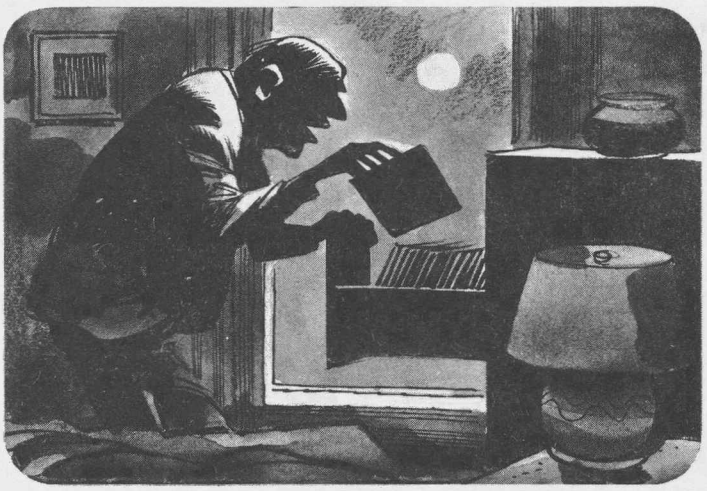
. . . does a Landlady invariably have an I.Q. of 65, except when it comes to remembering the height, weight and hair color of every stranger that visited one of her tenants?

BUT ON

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

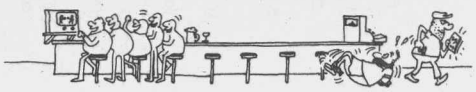
. . . can people dial so many calls in frantic haste without ever reaching a wrong number, a busy signal or a recording?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .



. . . can someone, breaking into a strange office in total darkness, never fail to locate that one important piece of evidence that the police couldn't find when they went over the place with a fine tooth comb in broad daylight?

TV...?



WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . does every hospital maintain a complete spare staff of doctors and nurses that do nothing else but sit around and wait for the next emergency case to be brought in?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . is the most profound wisdom dispensed by old duffers who never went to school, never held a job and never even scraped together enough money to buy some new overalls?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . is a home-made time bomb expected to explode right on the split second, even though it's always attached to the type of cheap alarm clock that is notoriously inaccurate?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . are planes and boats always completely serviced and ready for instant departure, just waiting for crooks to show up and steal them so they can make their getaways?

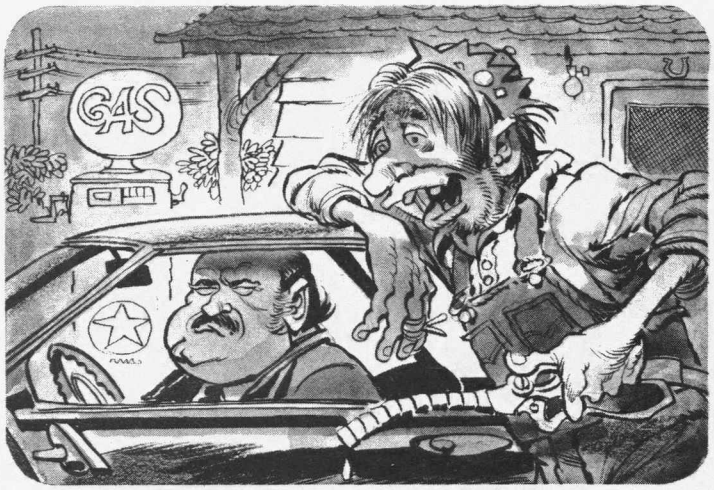
WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . does anyone needing to make an emergency call always find himself next to a pay phone that's in working order?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . are all hospital patients placed in private rooms with doctors and nurses clamoring to provide service?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .



. . . is it impossible to find someone who just pumps gas—without being the town character, and/or the hatchet man for the local Sheriff, and/or the front for a drug ring?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . . ?

. . . do newspapers ignore things like inflation, wars and unemployment in order to devote their page one headlines to some second-rate crime that almost nobody cares about?

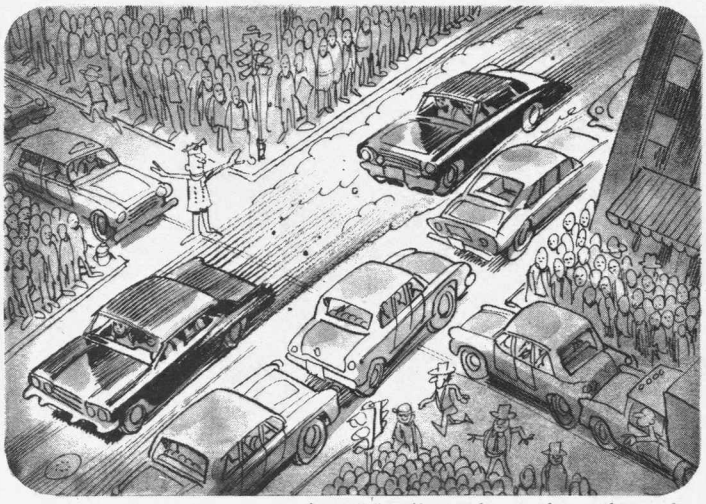
WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

. . . can a person take one quick glance into a rear-view mirror and immediately differentiate between a car that's tailing him and one that just happens to be going his way?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .

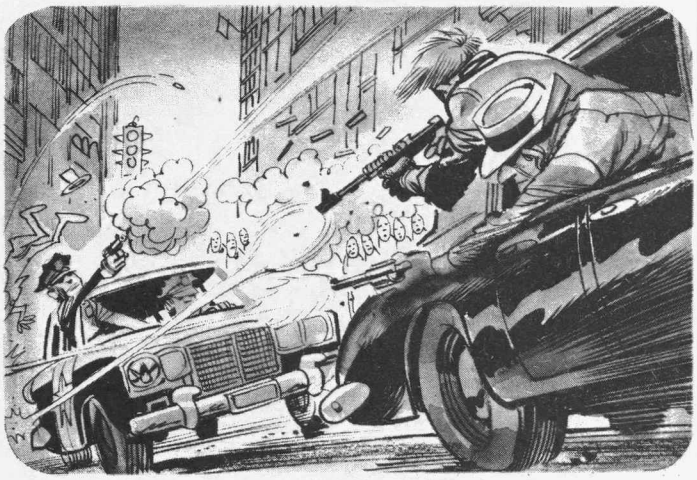
. . . are restaurants staffed with attentive waiters, all eager to run suspicious errands or fink on their closest friends or even (Hah-hah!) take a patron's dinner order?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .



. . . can two cars engage in a 75-mile-an-hour chase through heavy traffic without ever hitting an innocent bystander?

WHERE ELSE BUT ON TV . . .



. . . can people continue to shoot at each other out of car windows while engaged in a 75-mile-an-hour chase through heavy traffic without ever hitting an innocent bystander?

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

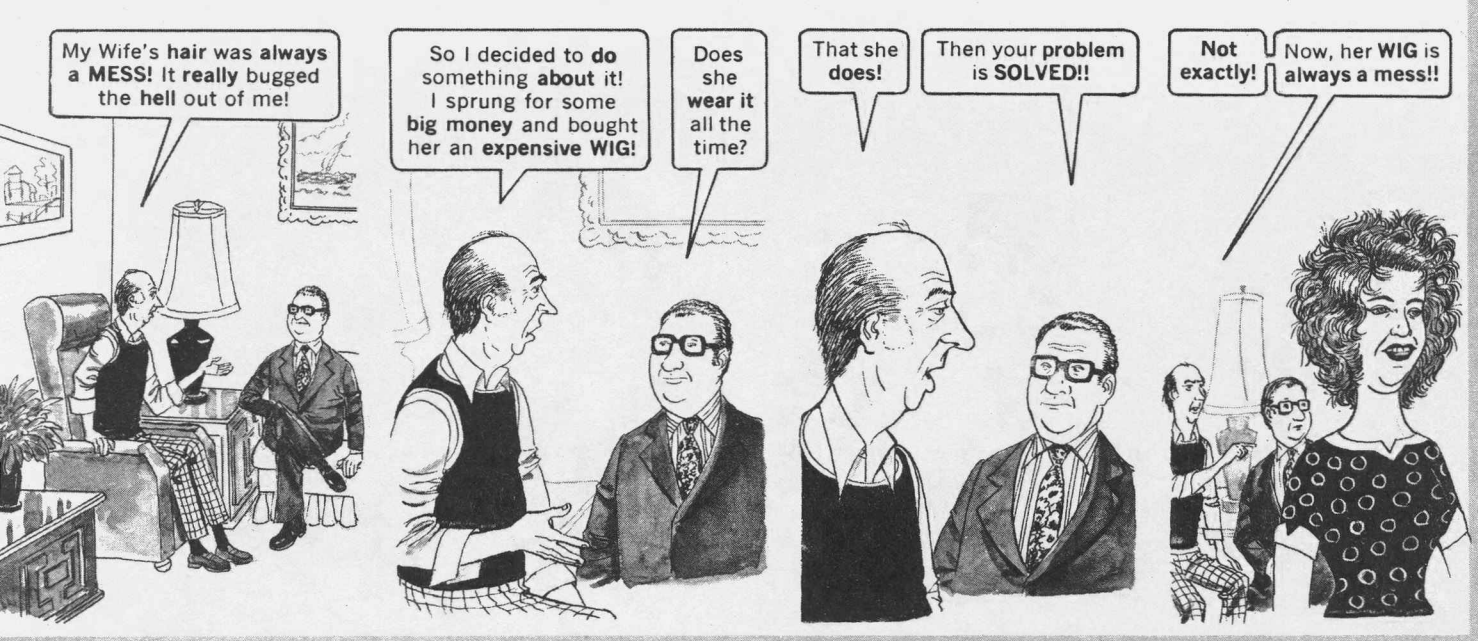
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... GRO

OMING

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

What is this?! Every time I see you, you're wearing those darn curlers!
You want me to look pretty, don't you?
Sure I do! But those curlers don't make you look pretty!
They do when I take them off! And I want to look pretty when we go out with the McGillas tonight!
For ME . . . your HUSBAND . . . you look CRUDDY!? But for a mere ACQUAINTANCE, you want to look your BEST!!?
That's right . . .
I don't HAVE to look my best for YOU any more! I'm MARRIED to you!!
Look at that!! I think girls that go BRA-LESS are disgusting!!
I kinda like it!
But they jiggle and jangle and all the fellas LOOK!!
Yeah!!
What they're saying to the world is . . .
LOOK WHAT I GOT!!
So?!? Why don't YOU say the same thing?
Because I AIN'T GOT!!
I gave you money to buy a new pair of dungarees! So why are you wearing those washed-out old ones?!?
These are them! I just bought them!
You WHAT?! Did you go to some second-hand shop?!?
Nope! The fanciest and most expensive! Dungarees come pre-washed to give them that lived-in look!
But I want you to have that well-groomed look!
Gee, why didn't you SAY so!
I would have had them sew on some PATCHES!!
30
30
30
30

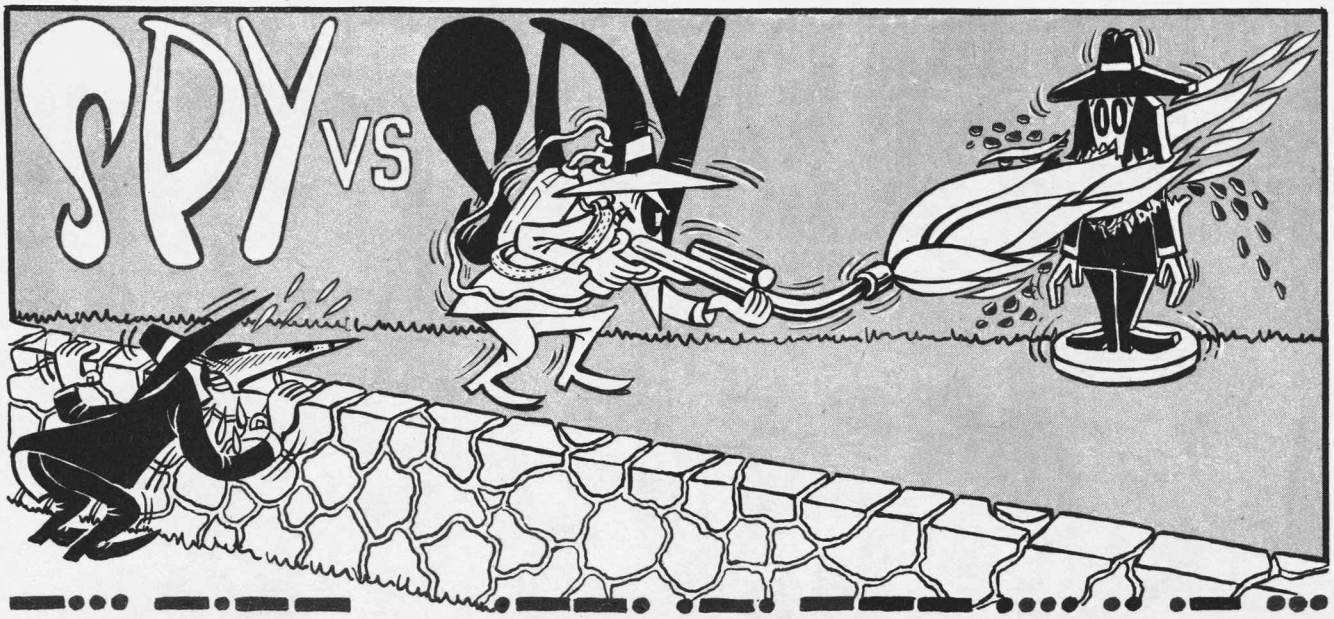
MUSIC SCHOOL
PIANO LESSONS
VIOLIN LESSONS
Hey! I didn't know you wore glasses!
Er . . . I don't— usually!
What do you mean, you don't usually!? Don't be so vain! You're wearing them . . . aren't you?
Well . . . yes! But I only wear them on special occasions!
What's the special occasion?!?
When I'm trying to find my CONTACT LENSES!!
Is that YOU, Mr. Kaputnik?! There's something different about you! Some— I KNOW!! You've grown a beard!!
Yes . . . and I've become quite attached to it!
Gee . . . it makes you look so DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING . . . so MAN-OF-THE-WORLDISH . . . so . . . so INTELLECTUAL . . .
. . . so . . . OLD!!
I'll shave it off tomorow!
Remember back when a Barber was called a "Barber"!
Sure I do! What do they call him now?
A "Hair Stylist"!
Really? What does a Hair Stylist do?
Pretty much what a Barber used to do!
Then . . . what's the difference?
About NINE DOLLARS!!

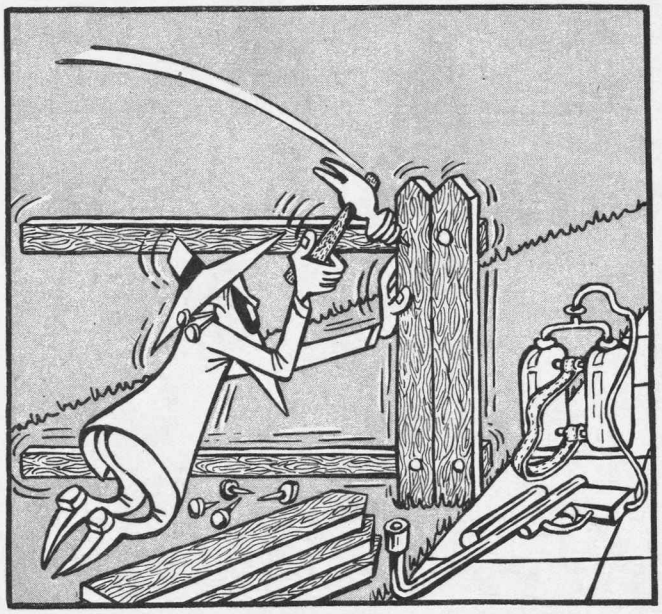

My Wife's **hair** was **always a MESS!** It **really** bugged the **hell** out of me!
So I decided to **do** something **about** it! I sprung for some **big money** and bought her an **expensive WIG!**
Does she **wear it** all the time?
That she **does!**
Then your **problem** is **SOLVED!!**
Not exactly!
Now, her **WIG** is **always a mess!!**

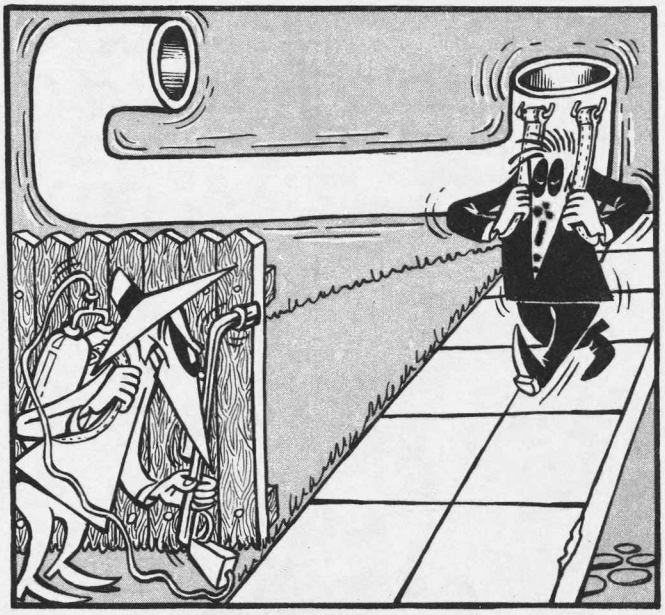
What are you **crying** about?!
My **baby** . . . *sob* . . . is **all grown up** . . . *sob!* Where have all the **years** gone to . . . *sob!*
What years? **Who's** grown up? What are you **talking** about?!?
My **baby** . . . *sob* . . . **SHAVED FOR THE FIRST TIME TODAY . . .** *sob* . . . *sob!!*
SIX YEAR OLD ALBERT SHAVED HIS FACE?!?
No . . . **NOT** six-year-old **Albert!!**
Thirteen-year-old **Linda! Today** . . . *sob* . . . for the first **time** . . *sob* . . . she **SHAVED HER LEGS!!**

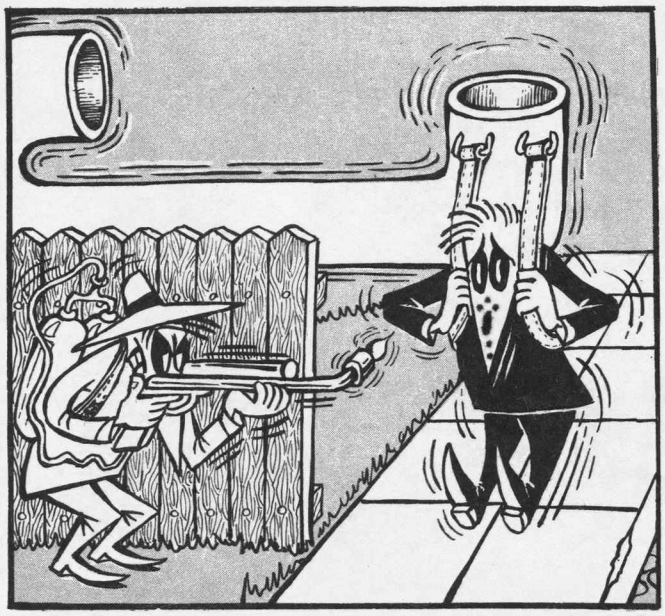
I must say, you look **very well groomed!** A nice clean pressed **suit** . . . a lovely **shirt** and **tie** . . . But your **SHOES** are a **mess!** It **spoils** the **whole effect!**
Don't worry! I'll give myself an **INSTANT SHINE!**
There! Now I'm **perfect!**
David Berg

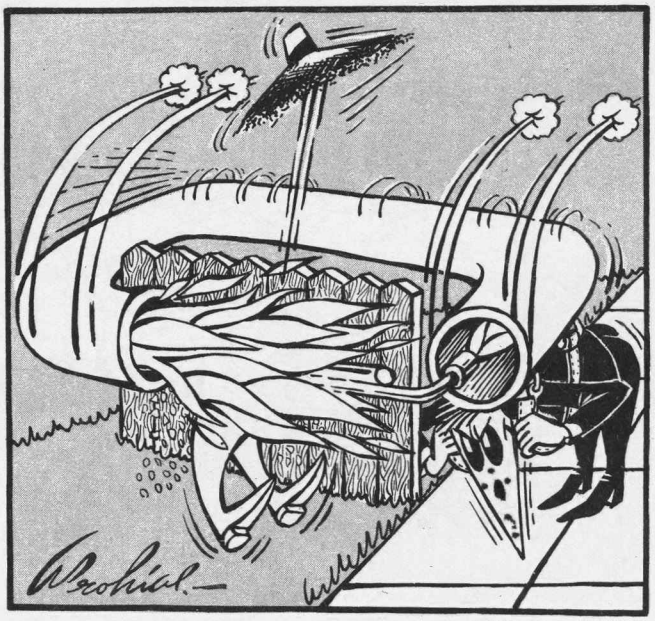
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I











CHEAP SHOTS DEPT.

BEAT THE RECESSION WITH THESE HELPFUL MAD PENNY

Buy your perishables before week-end closing time . . . when you can bargain.

Have your kids bring home their Free School Lunch leftovers in Doggie Bags.

If necessary, use alternate means of long-distance communications.

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

Have your kids design and execute . . . and then hand deliver . . . your family's Christmas Cards.

Eliminate unnecessary Doctor bills. Brush up on "Home Remedies" and take care of your family's minor medical problems by yourself.

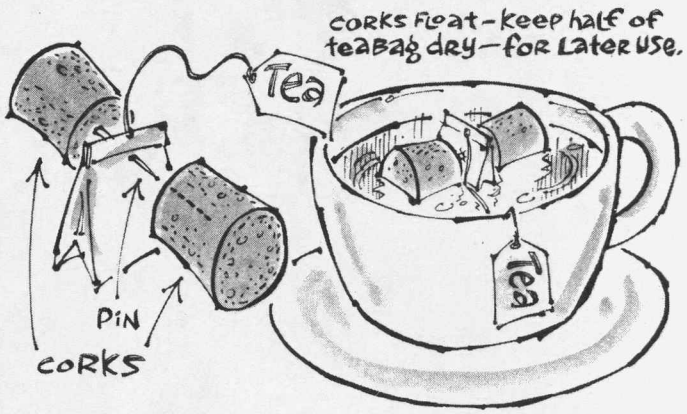
 Give your family homemade haircuts.

Spray on socks with washable paint.

Grow or produce your own Gourmet food.

-PINCHING HINTS

Encourage your kids to build appropriate Birthday, Wedding or Bar Mitzvah gifts in your home (or their school) workshop.



Invent clever money-saving methods like this "Teabag-Saver" which keeps half the teabag dry for later use.

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

When in need of professional advice, try consulting experts casually at parties.

For entertainment, return to the simple (and cheap) ways of yore.

Give your kids interest-bearing notes instead of their usual cash allowance.

Save fuel by saving hot water. Bathe "Japanese Family Style."

Drop in on your rich relatives during their mealtimes.

Use any available free transportation.

Keep your food budget low. Tell disgusting stories at the table.

Scan local newspapers and clip those special "Sale" and "Money-off" coupons.

Eliminate expensive reading material! Send for interesting free Government pamphlets.

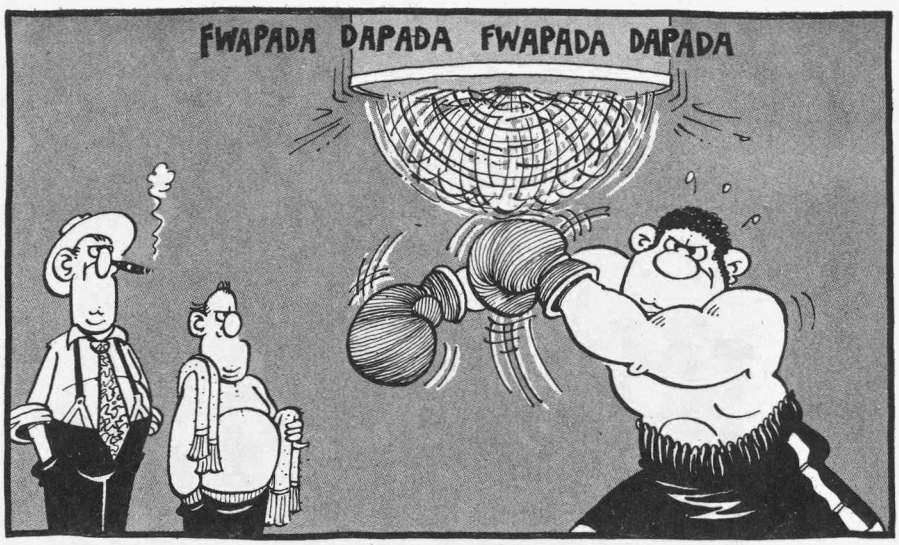
Start wearing old, patched clothes . . . and pretend you're "with it."

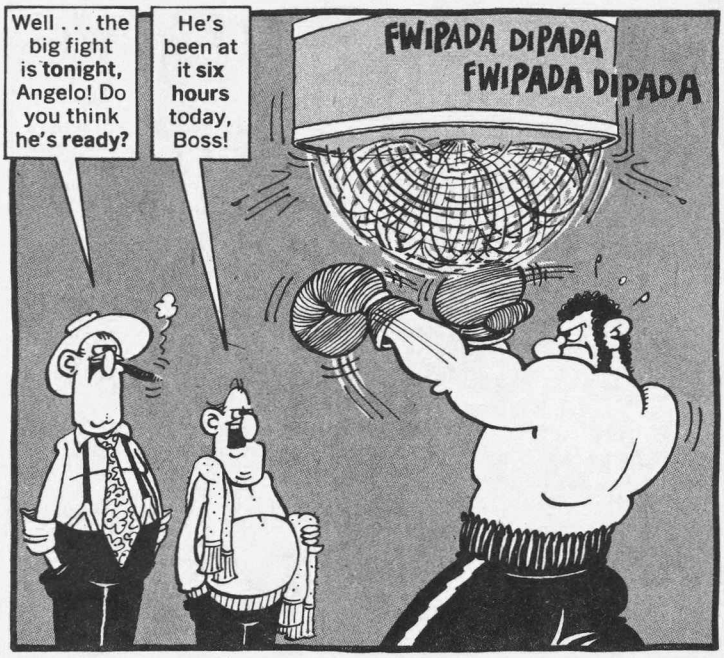
Get together with your neighbors and friends and form "Magazine Pools."

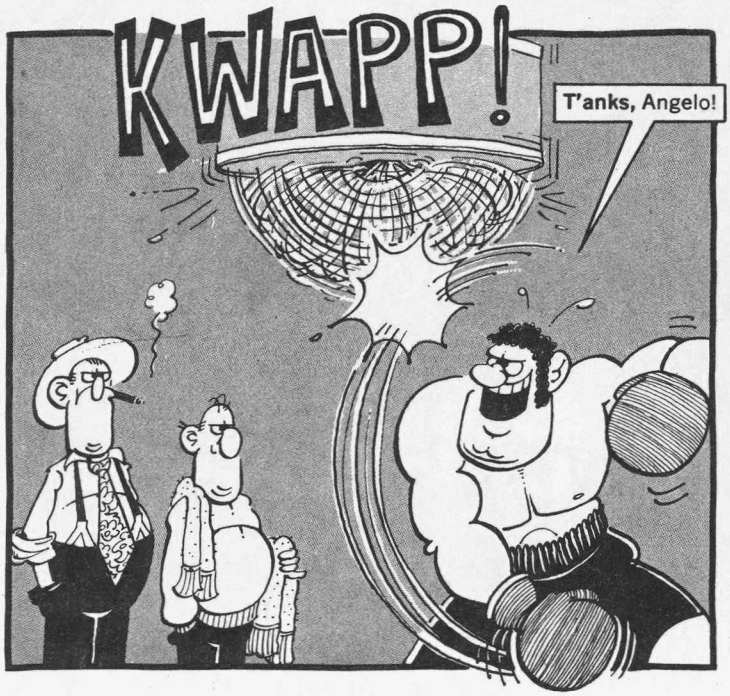
Make your own toilet paper.

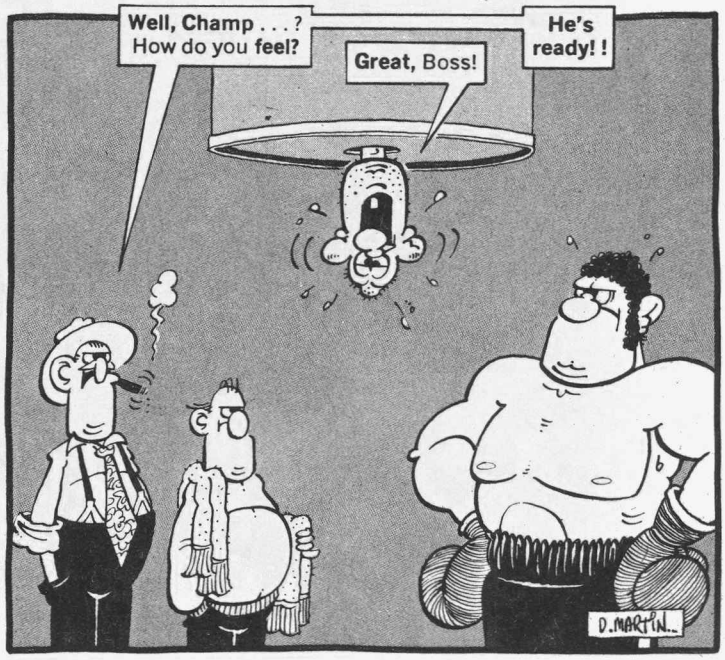
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE FINE AFTERNOON IN A GYM









COMMON CENSOR DEPT.

In recent years pollution has been on everybody's mind. Which may be why so many of us have dirty minds. But while we've at least managed to cut down a bit on smog, factory smoke, and industrial wastes in our waterways, nobody has yet found a cure for one of the strangest, most prevalent forms of pollution in history—graffiti. Everywhere you look—in rest rooms, subways, on building walls—you see those same stupid, usually obscene messages scrawled. And nobody seems to know

MAD'S "NICE"

HAPPY

Here I sit ~~broken~~ hearted,
~~paid my dime and only farted~~

TALKS ON MIDEAST PEACE HAVE STARTED

PRESIDENT FORD'S SUC~~KS~~CESS

CAN BE ATTRIBUTED TO HONESTY, DECENCY AND A STRONG BELIEF IN DEMOCRACY

GOD BLESS AMERICA!

LOOKING FOR THE TIME?
~~OF YOUR LIFE?~~ CALL ME 7 1212
~~WANDA 555 BAND~~

PLEASE THE WEATHER? WE 6 1212

~~Don't~~ throw ALL cigarette butts in our bowls –
~~We don't ~~ ~~in your~~ ashtrays!

THE SURGEON GENERAL HAS DETERMINED THAT CIGARETTE SMOKING IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH – AND WE'D HATE TO LOSE A NICE PERSON LIKE YOU!

FOR A FANTASTIC ~~[illegible]~~ JOB, SEE ~~CLARA AT BRUNO'S MASSAGE PARLOR~~

TO IT THAT YOU FINISH YOUR EDUCATION.

NO MATTER HOW YOU SHAKE AND YOU DANCE,
~~THE LAST DROP ALWAYS FALLS IN YOUR PANTS~~
YOU'LL NEVER BE OUT OF STEP TO AN ELTON JOHN NUMBER.

what to do about it. Why not uplift it? Why not make graffiti more positive, more inspiring? Let graffiti help people improve themselves and the world they live in! And here's how it can be done: Instead of trying to erase or rub out wall garbage, simply rewrite it so that it says something worthwhile. For instance, here is a typical rest room wall with its typical obscene scrawls. But notice how much better and heart-warming it is after we rework it with a marking pencil and turn it into...

"GRAFFITI

ARTIST:
BOB CLARKE
WRITER:
LARRY SIEGEL

THIS IS A TEEPEE ~~FOR YOU TO PEE IN~~ ~~NOT A WIGWAM~~ ~~TO BEAT YOUR TOM-TOM~~ - IS IT ANY WONDER MANY OF US WOULD LIKE TO FIND BETTER HOUSING FOR AMERICAN INDIANS?

STAND ~~CLOSE~~ UP FOR AMERICA STOP COMMUNISM! ~~BRAGGING!~~

OUR AIM IS TO KEEP AMERICA STRONG ~~THIS BATHROOM CLEAN~~

Man's ambition must be directed ~~small~~ ~~to write his name on a public rest room wall.~~ toward improving the plight of the disadvantaged!

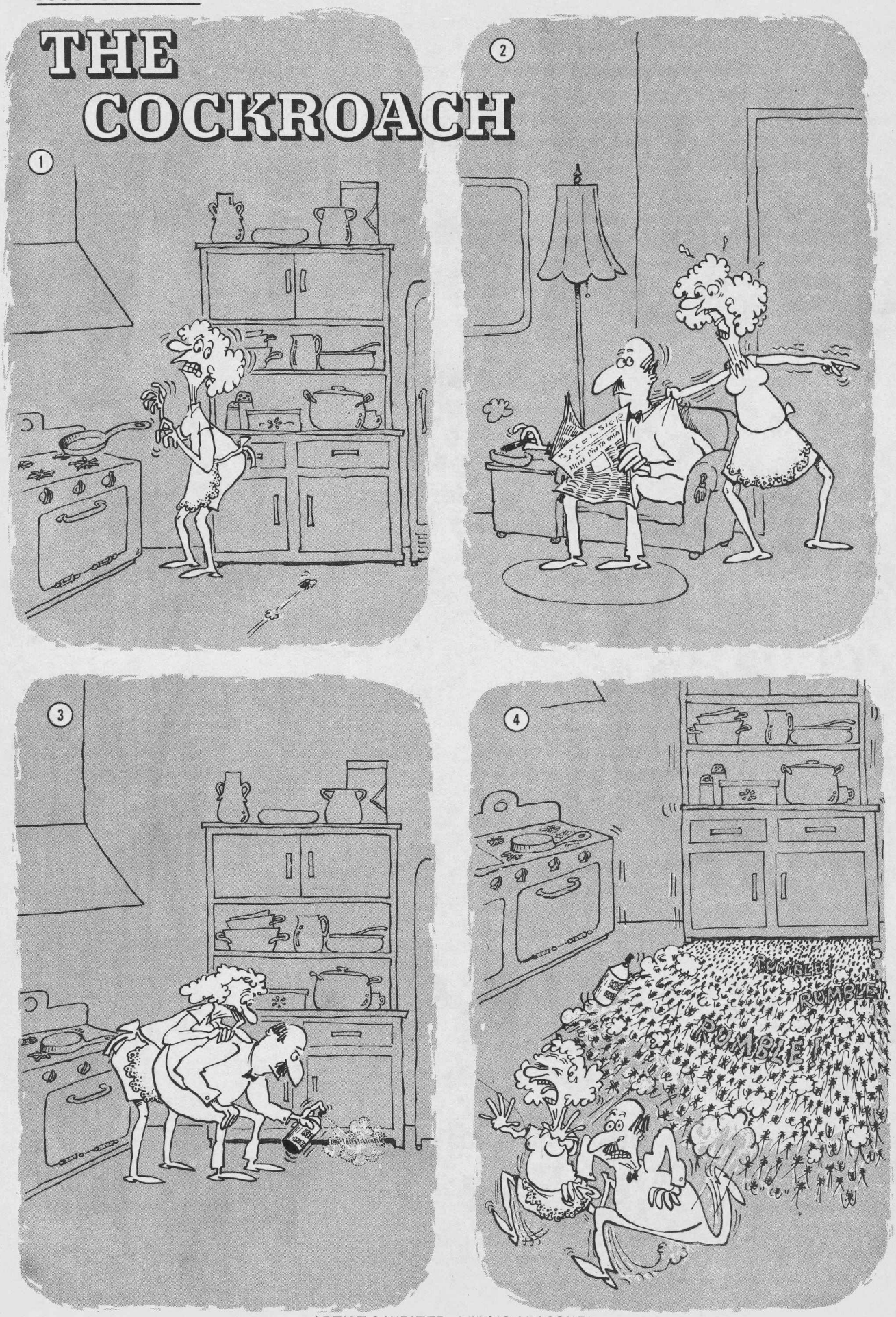
VOTE YOUR ~~AIM~~ WILL HELP

IN CASE OF ATOMIC ATTACK ~~DUCK UNDER THIS URINAL (IT HASN'T BEEN HIT YET.)~~

SAVE AMERICAN ~~want the~~ WILD~~EST~~ ~~night of your~~ LIFE? smokey ~~pot and shoot dope~~ says: ~~at ANGIE'S PLACE~~ "ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT FOREST FIRES!"

WE SHOULD CANCEL OUR GRAIN EXPORTS TO RUSSIA, HAVE HENRY KISSINGER SEND BREHZNEV A VERY STRONG LETTER, AND EVERYTHING WILL TURN OUT JUST FINE!

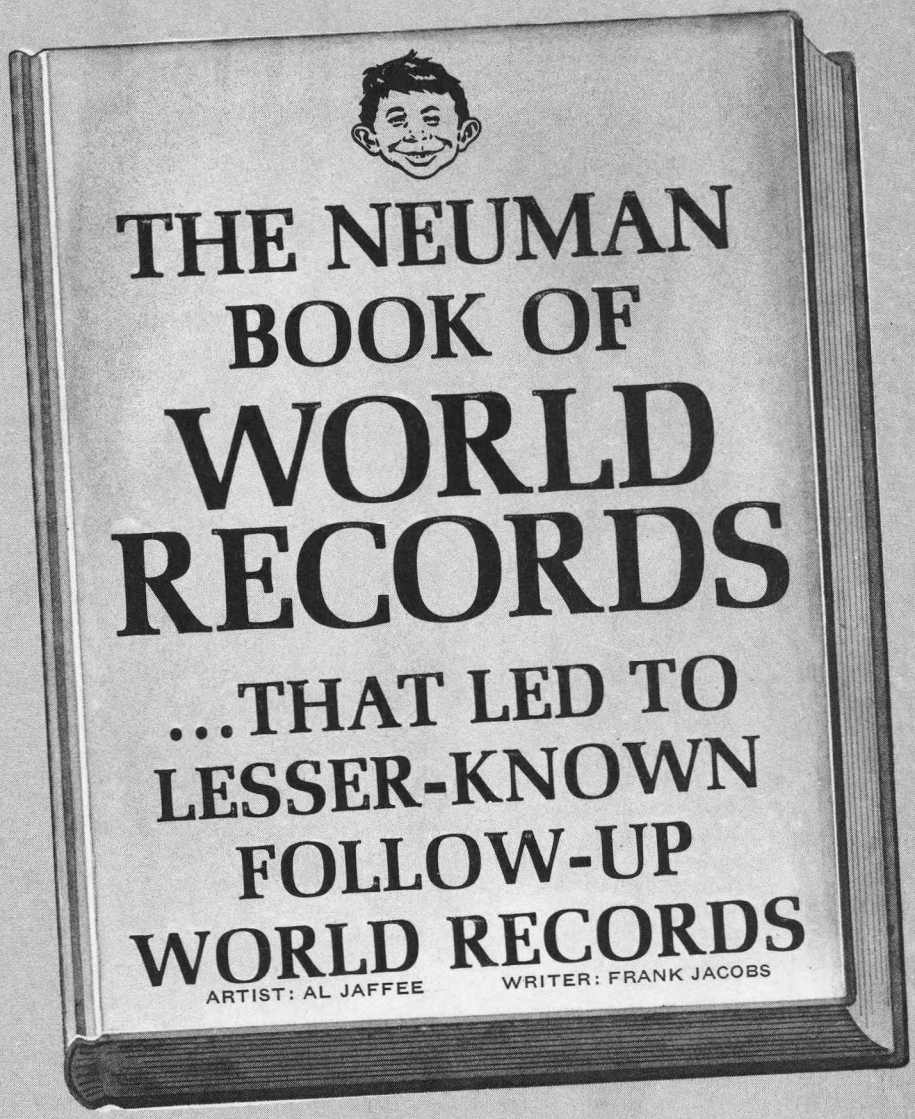
THE COCKROACH



ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

SMELLY FEATS DEPT.

We have always been intrigued with *The Guinness Book Of World Records,* which lists feats and undertakings that are greater, taller, faster, smaller or older than any others. Recently, MAD began compiling its own set of World Records. And—you know what we found out? We found out that many famous World Records have led to Lesser-Known Follow-Up Records that are even more amazing and stupefying. To show you what we mean, here are excerpts from...



THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

The World Record for Eating Chocolate Bars was set by Lydia Ann Snavely, of Skroon City, Idaho, who consumed 187 6-ounce Hershey Milk Chocolate Bars in 37 minutes on December 20, 1974.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD

The World Record for Acne was set by Lydia Ann Snavely, of Skroon City, Idaho, who suffered 911 eruptions of facial pimples, hickeys and blemishes between December 20 and 26, 1974.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

The Largest Diamond Ever Discovered was found by Mervyn X. Waxbush, who uncovered a stone that weighed 455 carats in a field outside of Pretoria, South Africa, March 13, 1922. The diamond was valued, before cutting, at nearly $5,000,000.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD

The World Record For Marriage Proposals Received By A Man was held by Mervyn X. Waxbush of Pretoria, South Africa, who received 958 proposals of marriage from women between Mar., 1922, and his death from physical exhaustion in August, 1925.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

The First Pay Telephone was installed in New York City on November 1, 1888.

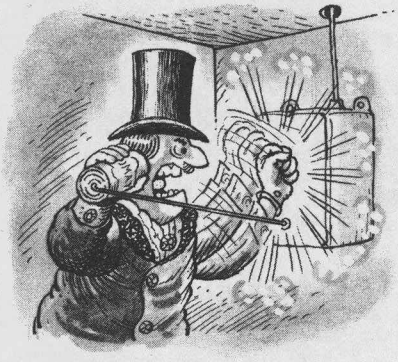
THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

The record for The Fastest Removal Of An Appendix is held by Dr. Ed Greber of Boston, who, working quickly on the morning of June 1, 1955, removed the appendix from a patient in 55 seconds.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD

The record for Most Fingers Accidentally Cut Off During An Operation belongs to Interne Myron Klutz, who had four fingers sliced off while assisting Dr. Ed Greber in Boston on June 1, 1955.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD

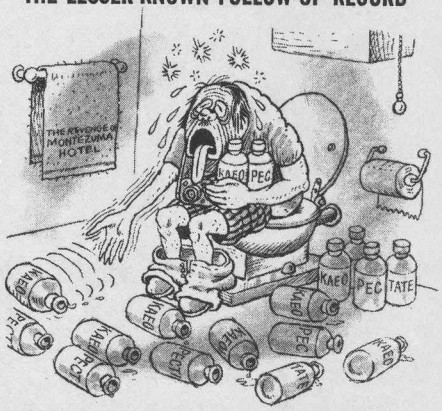


The First Pay Telephone To Go Out Of order occured in New York City on Nov. 1, 1888, and was reported by Elmo Jay Finsterhoff. Elmo, incidentally, also became The First Person To Ever Lose Money In A Pay Telephone on that date.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

The record for Water Consumption is held by tourist Elmo Yancy, who, on April 10, 1955, drank three gallons in the village of Carramba, Mexico, after he'd crossed the Baja on foot.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The record for Kaopectate Consumption is held by Elmo Yancey, who, during a seige of "Montezuma's Revenge," drank the contents of thirty-four 12-ounce bottles from April 10th to 15th, 1966.

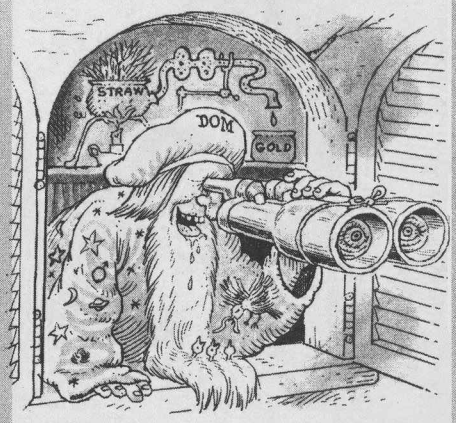
THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

The First Golf Course was completed on August 15, 1644 in a field outside the village of Tavish, Scotland, by Angus MacPherson after 7 years of hard work.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD

The First Golfer To Break A Club In Disgust was Angus MacPherson, after playing three holes of a course near Tavish, Scotland on August 15, 1644.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

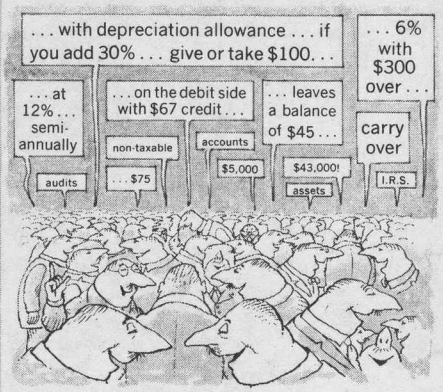


The First Practical Set of Binoculars was invented in 1657 by Antonio Della Scappini, an Italian scientist, who lived in the crowded city of Gronza.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

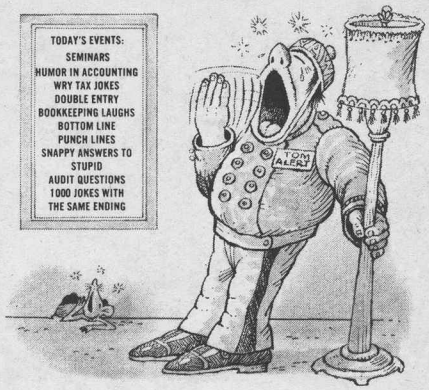
The World Record for the Greatest Age Difference In A Married Couple was set when Leonard Skaggs, age 112, married Phoebe Weebey, age 16, in a ceremony in Fort Wayne, Indiana, June 3, 1933.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



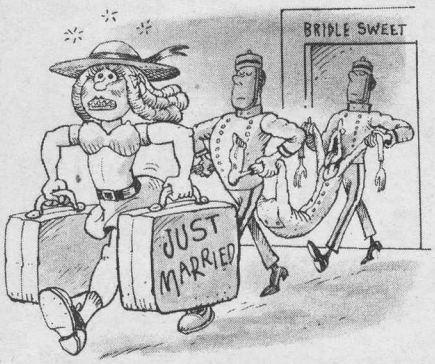
The Largest Convention in the United States was held May 14th through 19th, 1967, when 14,572 Certified Public Accountants met in the Hilton Hotel in Chicago for their annual meeting.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



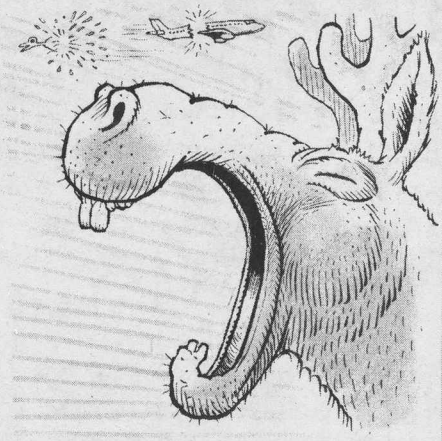
The World Record for Continuous Yawning was held by Wilbur Farquahr, who was a Bellhop in the Hilton Hotel in Chicago, and who yawned without stopping from May 14th to May 18th, 1967.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



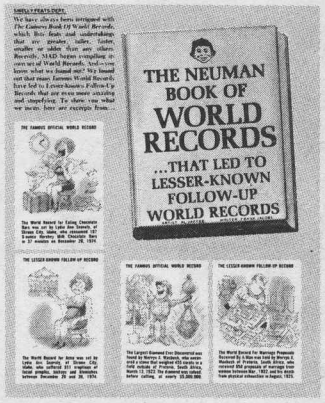
The Shortest Honeymoon On Record took place in Fort Wayne, Indiana, June 3, 1933, when Leonard and Phoebe Skaggs checked into the Bridal Suite of the Grand Plaza Hotel at 9:45 P.M., and then checked out 17 minutes later to fly to Reno and file for a divorce.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The Loudest Sound emitted by a mammal is the early Spring mating call of the Spotted Moose of the Northern Yukon, a species that is now near extinction.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

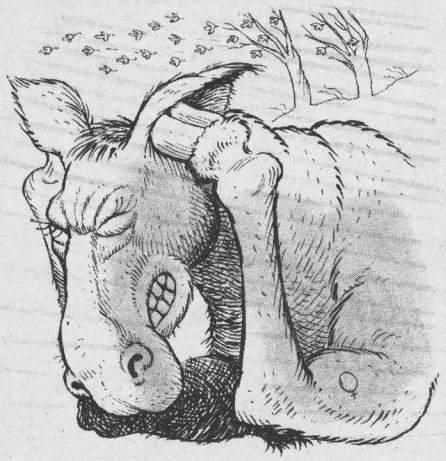


The Most Ridiculous Magazine Article Ever Published was an idiotic piece called "The Neuman Book Of World Records That Led To Lesser-Known Follow-Up Records! which appeared in issue # 186 of MAD Magazine on Aug. 17, 1976.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD

The First Roll-Down Window Shade was invented in 1657 by Rosa Rizzoto, an artists model, for her bedroom window in the crowded Italian city of Gronza.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The Deafest Mammal in the World is the female Spotted Moose of the Northern Yukon, according to scientific tests—which may explain its near extinction.

THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD

The Most Subscriptions To A Magazine Ever Cancelled In A Single Day occured the day after issue #186 of MAD Magazine went on sale, Aug. 17, 1976.

SCHOOL BUS
STOP
WHEN RED LIGHTS FLASH
THE OWNER OF THIS CAR IS A
MEMEBER OF THE ☐ MALE ☐ FEMALE
SEX
WHO DRIVES LIKE A
MANIAC
THIS IS NOT AN UNMARKED
POLICE
CAR!
BEWARE OF
THE GIRL NEXT DOOR! SHE'S A
DOG
HERE IS YOUR
FULL-COLOR FOLD-OUT
SUPER SPECIAL
BONUS
Solve all your parking problems, amuse and/or irritate policemen, annoy your neighbors, discourage solicitors, get lots of laughs– and mainly get into trouble with
MAD
CAR & HOME
WINDOW
STICKERS
SELF-STICKING FOR EASY USE, MISUSE AND ABUSE
I AM A
MAD
READER
THIS CAR IS PROTECTED BY A
SOUND ALARM
MAINLY, I SCREAM A LOT!
TOP-SECRET UNDERCOVER
C.I.A.
VEHICLE
PLEASE! THIS WINDSHIELD IS CLEAN! IF YOU
PRESS
ON IT, YOU'LL LEAVE MESSY FINGERPRINTS!
THIS CAR IS A
LEMON

BEWARE
OF
THE GIRL NEXT DOOR! SHE'S A
DOG

A MAD HOUSE WINDOW STICKER

WE
GAVE
UP ON PHONY CHARITIES!

ANOTHER MAD HOUSE WINDOW STICKER

THE OWNER OF
THIS CAR IS A
MEMEBER OF THE ☐ MALE ☐ FEMALE
SEX
WHO DRIVES LIKE A
MANIAC

ANOTHER MAD WINDSHIELD STICKER

I SLEEP ON A
BOARD
FOR THAT FEELING
OF
HEALTH

A MAD WINDSHIELD STICKER

IN CASE OF

FIRE

SEND THIS HEAP TO THE SANITATION

DEPT.

A MAD WINDSHIELD STICKER

I AM A

M A D

READER

A MAD CAR WINDOW STICKER

THIS CAR IS PROTECTED BY A

SOUND ALARM

MAINLY, I SCREAM A LOT!

IF YOU WANT TO BE

SAFE

DON'T RIDE WITH THIS

DRIVER

ANOTHER MAD WINDSHIELD STICKER

ANOTHER MAD WINDSHIELD STICKER

OFFICIAL U.S. GOVT.

TAXPAYER'S

CAR

TOP-SECRET UNDERCOVER

C.I.A. VEHICLE

A MAD CAR WINDOW STICKER

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

THIS CAR IS A

LEMON

STILL ANOTHER MAD CAR WINDOW STICKER

IF YOU GIVE ME A TICKET, I'LL BE SURE TO PAY IT BECAUSE I'M NOT A

SCOFFLAW

STILL ANOTHER MAD CAR WINDOW STICKER

PLEASE! THIS WINDSHIELD IS CLEAN! IF YOU

PRESS

A MAD WINDSHIELD STICKER

ON IT, YOU'LL LEAVE MESSY FINGERPRINTS!

THIS IS NOT AN UNMARKED

POLICE

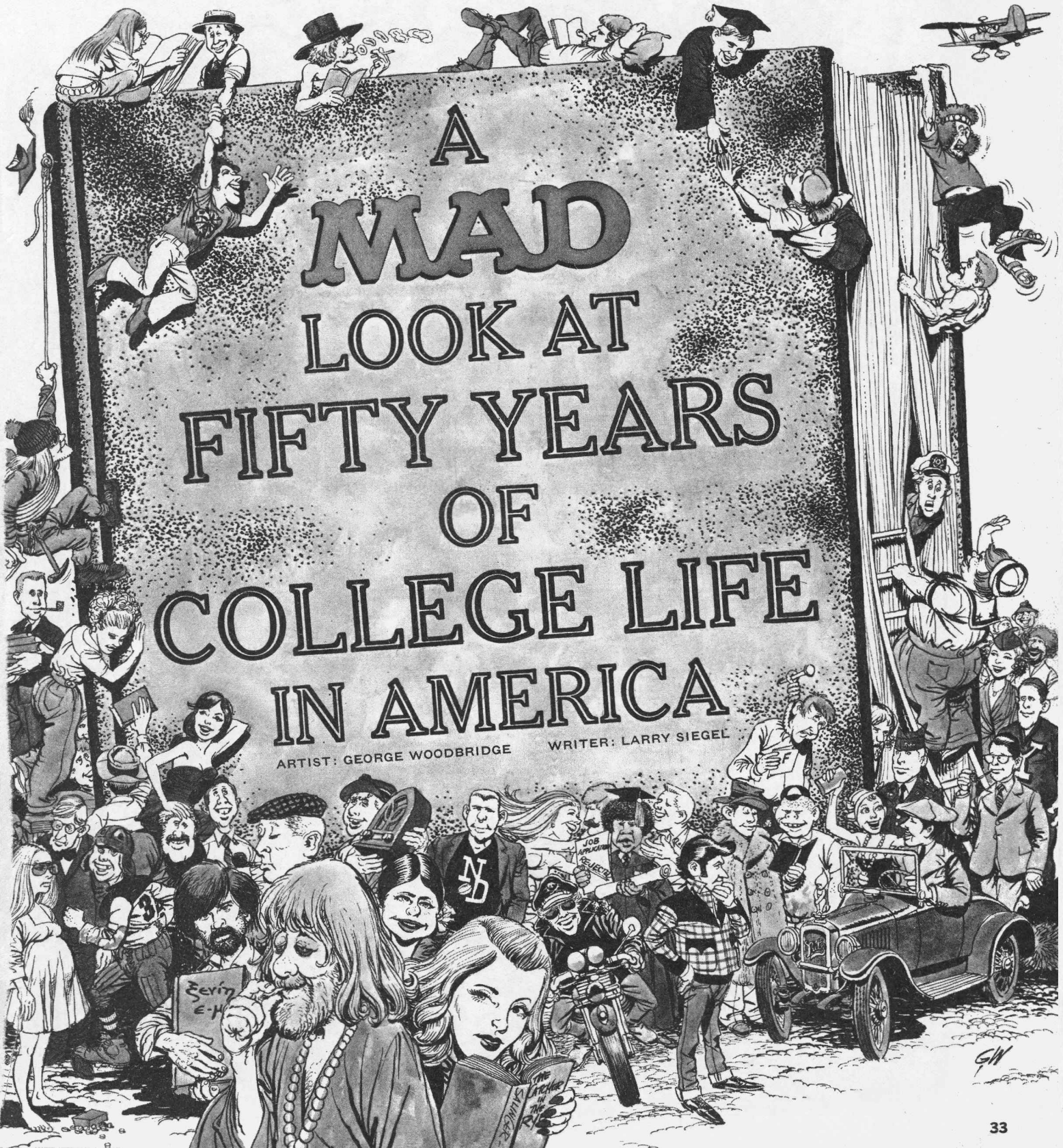
ANOTHER MAD CAR WINDOW STICKER

CAR!

MAD Copyright © 2006 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

ALMA MARTYRS DEPT.

A noted professor once said, "The college campus is the bellwether of American life, the harbinger of a democracy's future. Spend ten minutes on a college campus and you may well determine the nature and vicissitudes of the next ten years of our existence." Now you know why this nation is what it is. You also know why 90% of college students fall asleep during lectures. And now you are about to find out why 90% of MAD readers fall asleep during articles as we take



CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '20'S

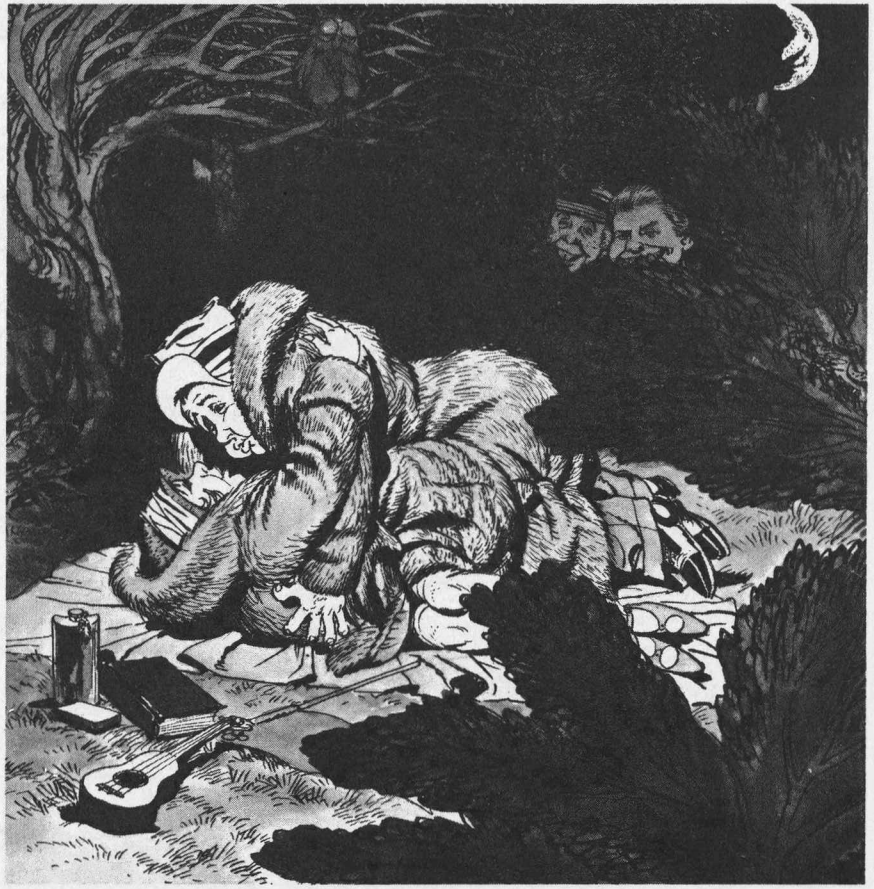
The Roaring Twenties has always been known as a "fun decade." There was prosperity in the country, everyone was loaded (with money... and on bootleg booze) and the nation was laughing and having a hell of a time. Helping to make us laugh were some of the great comics of the day: Amos 'n Andy, Laurel and Hardy, and of course the silent little man with the baggy pants—perhaps the greatest clown of them all—Calvin Coolidge.

The mood of fun prevailed on our college campuses. Frivolity and light-heartedness filled the lecture halls and the science labs. It was not unusual to see someone take a swig from a hip flask, sneak into a Political Science class, set off a stink bomb, and run giggling out the door. But if you think the *professors* had fun, you should have seen the *students*.

Here's a typical college sophomore in the 1920's. He was immaculately groomed. It took him an hour to shave and dress, and another thirty minutes of vigorous buffing, polishing, and shining with a shoe cloth. Then, when his hair was ready, he would work on his patent leather shoes.

This is another typical student. Notice the spiked heels, bracelets, long beads, and earrings. In the 20's, these were instantly recognizable as "flappers." Forty years later, they would be known as "boys."

The hilarity never ceased at the fraternity and sorority houses. Students listened to jazz, drank home-made gin, and danced the Charleston and the Shimmy. Still it wasn't all fun and games. At seven each night frat brothers used to gather in the study halls for some very serious and important business. Namely, swatting pledges on their rear ends with huge paddles for five or six hours. (But more about Sex in the 20's later.)



In the evenings after the big football games, guys and flappers used to take walks in the moonlight. (Remember when we said more about Sex in the 20's later? This is later.) Then they'd lie down on blankets and smooch and spoon and kiss. But it seldom went further than that. This was generally due to the strict moral codes of the students in those days, a desire to save themselves for the sanctity of marriage. And besides *you* try getting anywhere in a 20 pound raccoon coat. But some students managed to score. (To find out how this was done, see the famous treatise on Campus Sex in the 20's: "How To Make Out With Someone In A Raccoon Coat." For a later view on the subject see the famous treatise on Campus Sex in the 60's: "How To Make Out With A Raccoon.")

On weekends, students used to pile into a roadster (which was a car), gulp down hooch (which was booze) and try to make out in the rumble seat (which was impossible). With a whoop and a roar, they'd make the rounds of the speakeasies and then wind up in a Drive-In movie. It was great and it was fun, but then came the Big Crash. (Note: we're not referring to the Great Depression of the 20's, we're talking about the Big Crash in the lobby of the movie house. Because there *were* no Drive-In movies in those days. But that didn't stop these lovable goofs.)

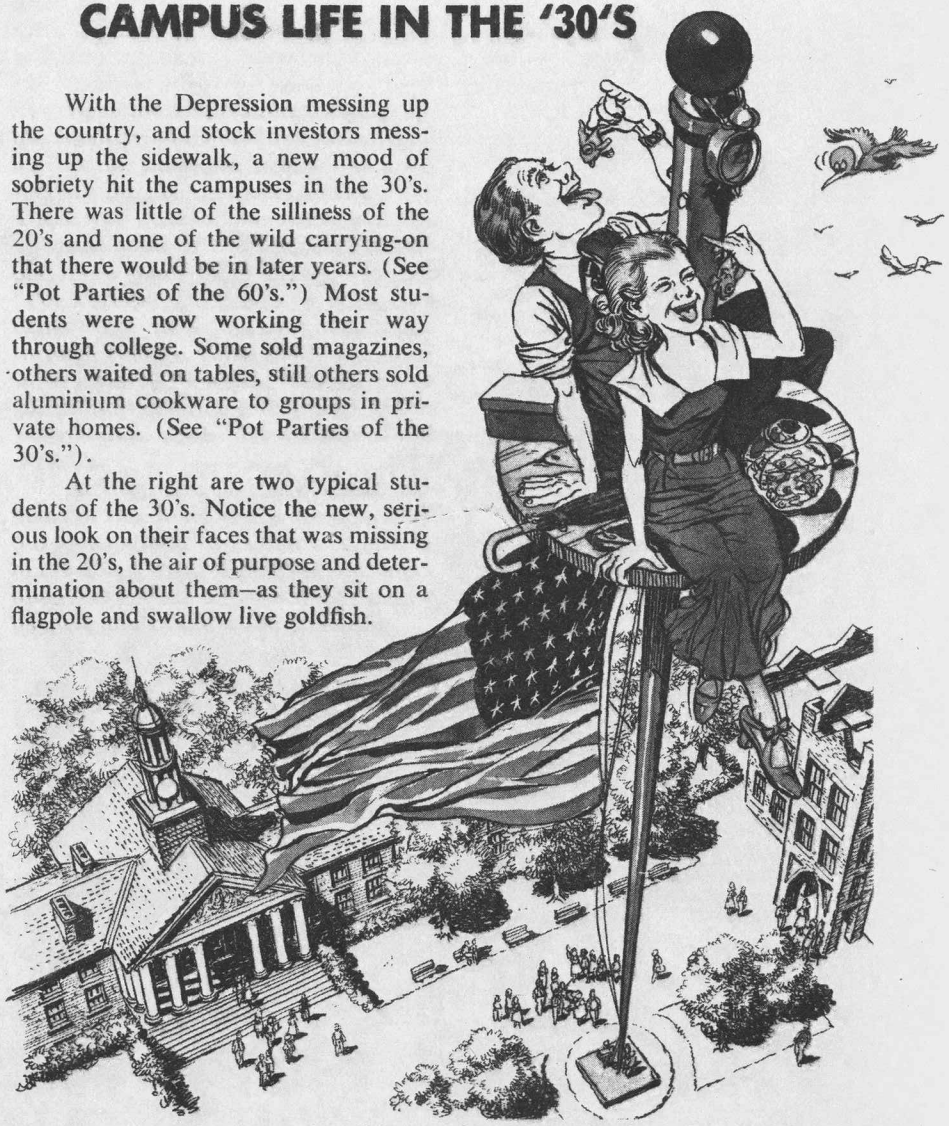
Towards the end of the decade, fun-loving Calvin Coolidge retired from the White House and was replaced by an even greater comic named Herbert Hoover. He said hilarious things like, "A chicken in every pot," and people screamed with laughter and began jumping up and down.

Then came the Great Depression, and people stopped jumping up. But they continued jumping down, usually out of high office buildings.

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '30'S

With the Depression messing up the country, and stock investors messing up the sidewalk, a new mood of sobriety hit the campuses in the 30's. There was little of the silliness of the 20's and none of the wild carrying-on that there would be in later years. (See "Pot Parties of the 60's.") Most students were now working their way through college. Some sold magazines, others waited on tables, still others sold aluminium cookware to groups in private homes. (See "Pot Parties of the 30's.").

At the right are two typical students of the 30's. Notice the new, serious look on their faces that was missing in the 20's, the air of purpose and determination about them—as they sit on a flagpole and swallow live goldfish.



There wasn't nearly as much booze-drinking on campus now as there was in the 20's. It's nice to say that the socially-reawakened students now realized the dangers of alcohol and sublimated their drives in more productive channels. It's nice to say it all right, but it wasn't true. The reason they stopped drinking was because booze was now legal, and as we all know, it's never been fun for young people to do things they're *allowed* to do. Fortunately, however, sex crimes and murder were still illegal, so students had *something* to do on weekends. (But we'll go into Fun Hazing In Fraternities later.)

On college campuses, many students became very political-conscious and started looking for the right political party to join. They examined the record of the previous Republican administration and the current Democratic one, and then they made the obvious decision: they became Communists.

But despite hard times, students still had time for fun. They were singing songs like "The Music Goes Round and Round," and dancing The Big Apple, the Suzy-Q, and the Lambeth Walk. As for sex on campus, the 30's was known as a very romantic decade and college tradition played an important role in all this, as the following illustration indicates:

Here's a typical tradition-steeped scene on a typical college campus in the 30's. See if you can pick out the following: (1) Flirtation Walk; (2) Moonlight Bay; (3) The Kissing Rock. Answers: (1) Flirtation Walk is the ivy-covered walk on the left. (It got its name because couples used to flirt as they walked along the path.) (2) Moonlight Bay is the water in the background. (It got its name because couples used to row on it and smooch in the moonlight.) (3) The Kissing Rock is the girl on the right. (She got her name because, like most coeds in the 1930's, kissing her was just like kissing a rock.)

As the 30's drew to a close, the Great Depression began to wind down, and a general air of optimism prevailed on and off campus. But few people realized that a tyrant was about to come on the scene spreading bloody havoc wherever he went, and the world would never again be the same because of him. (But more about Frank Sinatra later.)

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '40'S

With the end of the Depression a new feeling of maturity hit the campus. This was particularly noticeable in fraternity life. The green, frightened pledge of 1939 entered the world of 1940 with a healthy new outlook. Never again would he have to undergo the humility of someone paddling his butt. Instead he would now dedicate himself to a better education, a keener understanding of humanity, and paddling someone else's butt.

The chief college meeting place in the 40's was the Campus Malt Shop. There, students nicknamed Beezie and Binky and Lillums sipped lime rickeys served up by Pop, the beloved proprietor, and then jitterbugged to "Mairzy Doats" and "The Three Little Fishies" on the juke box, while saying things like, "Hubba-hubba" and "Woo-woo, what a tomato!" Little did the country know that Germany and Japan were planning to take all this away from us at a fearsome price. Little did Germany and Japan know that we probably would have given them all this for nothing.

In late 1941 war was declared. (See "World War II And The College Student" for a study of the impact of war on student volunteers, who numbered in the thousands. For a later view on another struggle, see "The War In Vietnam And The College Student" for a study of the impact of war on student volunteers —both of them.

America's first war in almost a quarter century had a profound effect on college life. No longer did carefree, happy-go-lucky students sit around the Malt Shop singing, "Mairzy Doats" and "The Three Little Fishies." Instead sober, more determined students now sat around the Malt Shop singing, "You're A Sap, Mr. Jap" and "Right In Der Fuehrer's Face."

For half a decade casualties mounted and America paid a terrible price to preserve our democracy. Men from college campuses contributed their share to the suffering. For example, here's a photo of some of the members of a typical fraternity, taken before the war. See the caption below to get an idea of the staggering casualties they suffered since then:

The men of the Zeta Maida Shiksah fraternity house. Left to right: The late Dink Dockstader; the late Pukki Petrille; the late Arnold Haffenfeffer; the late Biff Klodd; the late Barney Boysenberry; the late Steve Zetts; the late Rick Guppy; the late Gupp Rickey; Harold Hopner (wounded in action); Ned Mussel (wounded in action); Gary Pivnick (wounded in action) Victor Sfortz (wounded in action); and Irving Irving (missing and feared dead). Historical note: None of the fraternity members shown above were in the service. What happened was, during Rush Week in the fall of 1945, they tried to haze a prospective new pledge who turned out to have been a commando–paratrooper in Burma.

With the GI Bill of Rights in effect, there was an influx of thousands of veterans to colleges in the middle 40's. They came from fox-holes to campus quonset huts with a burning desire to learn. The first thing they learned was that quonset huts were so cramped and rotten, they sure missed their roomy fox-holes.

Happy little domestic scenes such as this sprang up for the first time on American campuses. Here we see a veteran student with his wife and two children. The chief question on the couple's mind was: Should he study law or medicine? Note: Similar happy domestic scenes of couples and their children were to emerge on campus in the 60's. The chief question on the couple's mind then would be: Should they or shouldn't they get married?

Among other things the 40's was known as the decade that unshackled the atom. But unknown to most of the world, the 50's would also be the decade in which they unleashed the Really *Big* Bombs. (But more about Eisenhower and Nixon in our next chapter.)

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '50'S

For many years there had been rumors that there *was* no campus life in America in the 1950's. In fact there were also rumors that there was no life at *all* in this country in the 50's. Then along came Dwight D. Eisenhower, and the rumors proved to be true.

But seriously, folks, and fellow scholars, in 1950, two years before Eisenhower came on the scene, America was caught up in another war. Many young men went to Korea and vowed to come back. (Unfortunately they didn't.) Later on in the 50's, Vice President Richard Nixon went to Venezuela and vowed to come back. (Unfortunately, he did.)

If the college students of the 20's were known as the Jazz Generation, and the 30's the Depression Generation, and the 40's the War Generation, the young people of the 50's were known as the Silent Generation. In fact silence was the key-word of the decade until a deadly new explosion ripped the atmosphere threatening all future life on the planet . . . which brings us to Rock 'n Roll.

Not only was everyone dancing dreamily to the haunting strains of "You Ain't Nothin' But A Hound Dawg," but the life style of Elvis Presley and other early rock stars had an incredible effect on college students of the 50's. Standard cars were out and hot rods and motorcycles were in. So were leather jackets and sequins. And short hair (or "the crew-cut") gave way to the sky-high, weirdly-shaped pompadour.)

But as different as young people were, outwardly, from generation to generation, inwardly they were all looking for the same thing: fulfillment. The 1950's were no different.

Here are two typical young people of the 50's in a secluded spot on campus. He seeks, he gropes, he meets what seems to be a bitter disappointment. And then when all seems lost, he suddenly triumphs and gets what he has been after all night under the blanket. He finds his comb.

But not all of life was serious and intense in the 50's. Students also found time for light-hearted fun.

Back in the 50's this was a very popular kick. You've heard of the obscene phone call? Well...here is the first obscene phone booth.

Another popular college fad in the 50's was the panty raid. Male students would run through female dormitories grabbing coed's panties off the clothes lines and from dressers. Note: The panty raid was also popular on campus in the 60's. Only this time male students ran through female dormitories grabbing coeds' panties off coeds.

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '60'S

What happened to cause the vast, bloody upheaval on American college campuses in the 1960's? What event or series of events triggered the blast that set in motion all the explosive forces? Exactly what went wrong in the 60's, you may ask?

Don't ask!

But we'll try to answer you anyway. For one thing young people began expressing themselves more. A new brand of politics was brought to us by John Kennedy. A new kind of music was brought to us by the Beatles. And a new fashion style was brought to us by the Salvation Army.

This is "The Twist," a 1960's fad made popular by nightclub act of Chubby Checker.

Another form of "The Twist," a 1960's fad made popular by nightstick of chubby cop.

Remember the high pompadour-type hair style so popular on campus in the 50's? Well, it didn't disappear. It just fell down. Usually around the students' ankles. And remember the hangovers students used to get from drinking all that booze? That was replaced in the 60's by "acid" indigestion.

After careful assessment, perhaps the one event that could be held most responsible for bringing on the campus explosion in the 60's was the War in Vietnam.

Here are two typical anti-war demonstrations in the 60's. The group on the left is demonstrating against the War in Vietnam. The group on the right, however, is made up of students who are high on grass and LSD. They are demonstrating against the War of 1812.

Another factor responsible for causing friction on campus in the 1960's was the explosive emergence of the Black student. (For further information on Black Power see, "The Life of Rap Brown," "The Story of Malcolm X," and a list of the leading scorers in the National Basketball Association).

The 60's brought all kinds of anguish to parents of students who went to out-of-town colleges. Word came back to them of a fantastic new sexual freedom on campus. The parents heard that male and female students had now started to live together . . . and sleep together. But as usual, this was another wild exaggeration by the Over-Thirty crowd. After all, considering what the students were doing while living together, how could they possibly find time to *sleep?*

And so as the war raged and campuses exploded and crime ran rampant through the land it looked as if the world was coming to an end. And toward the close of the decade, religious voices could be heard throughout the country: "Prepare for the Second Coming!" Well, as it turned out, Christ couldn't make it again, but Richard Nixon was free.

CAMPUS LIFE IN THE '70'S

Since this decade is only half over, it's hard to give a comprehensive view of the 70's. So instead, let's review some of the ground we covered and exactly where we stand in 1975. First of all, let's see what fantastic *changes* have come over college life and America in general over the past 50 years or so:

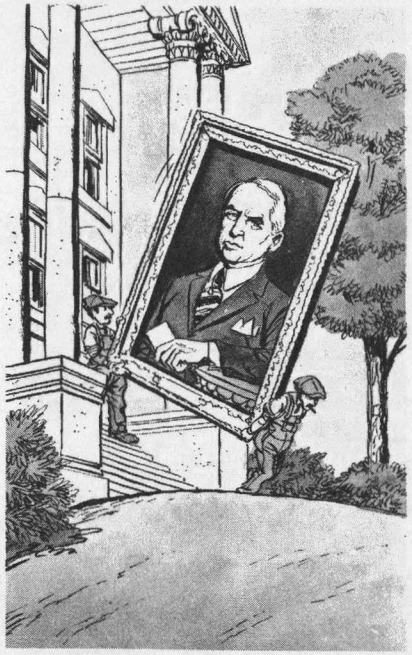
In the 20's, students listened to jazz, wore raccoon coats and drove Hupmobiles.

In the 70's, student nostalgia buffs are listening to jazz, buying funky raccoon coats in rummage shops and driving around in carefully restored, vintage Hupmobiles.

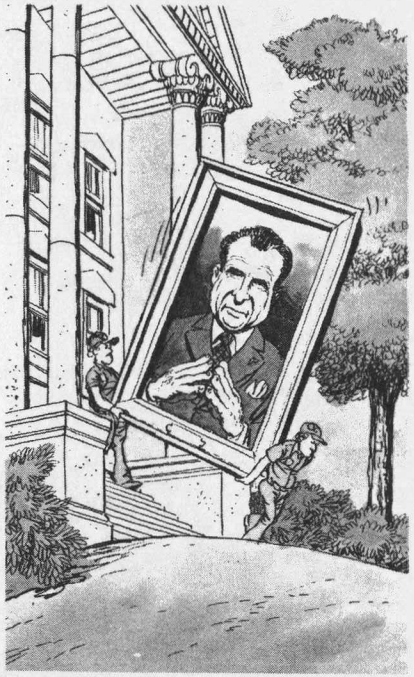
In the 20's, everyone on campus was getting drunk on booze, while a big Depression was lurking right around the corner.

In the 70's, now that pot is just about out, everyone is getting drunk on booze, while another Depression's on the horizon.

In the 20's, a joker by the name of Warren G. Harding left office very suddenly in the wake of a terrible White House scandal.



In the 70's, the very same thing happened to a joker named Richard Milhous Nixon.



Well, on second thought, we guess things haven't changed *that* much . . . But wait a minute, in the middle 1920's when Calvin Coolidge replaced Warren Harding as President, we had a full-fledged clown in the White House. Whereas today our President is . . .

Hmmmm . . . Come to think of it, things didn't really change at all!

POLL-ISH JOKE DEPT.

Almost every magazine other than MAD (Yes, there *are* magazines other than MAD!) runs an annual "READER SURVEY" in which they ask a couple of dozen questions to find out more about their readers. MAD has never run such a survey because, as you know, our readers come last and we really don't care to know anything about you. Frankly, we're not interested in anyone stupid enough to buy this trash magazine. However, just in case you've never had the opportunity to fill out one of these dumb things, hurry up and mail us

MAD'S FIRST ...AND PROBABLY LAST... READER SURVEY

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ PHONE NO. _____

1. HOW DID YOU FIRST HEAR ABOUT MAD MAGAZINE?
   ☐ Friend ☐ Relative ☐ Stranger ☐ Strange Friend or Relative ☐ Other

2. HOW DO YOU RATE THE CONTENTS OF MAD MAGAZINE?
   ☐ Excellent ☐ Really Excellent ☐ Truly Excellent ☐ Really Truly Excellent ☐ All Of The Above

3. WHAT IS THE POPULATION OF THE TOWN OR CITY IN WHICH YOU LIVE? _____

4. HOW DO YOU RATE THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE POLICE FORCE IN YOUR TOWN OR CITY?
   ☐ Good ☐ Fair ☐ Poor ☐ Yecch ☐ The Keystone Cops Did a Better Job

5. WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES? _____

6. DO YOU COLLECT: ☐ Stamps ☐ Rare Coins ☐ Anything Else of Value _____
   PLEASE GIVE DETAILS

7. WHAT KIND OF CAR DO YOU DRIVE? _____ WHAT YEAR & MODEL IS IT? _____
   WHERE DO YOU KEEP THE KEYS FOR IT? _____

8. WHAT ARE THE NAMES OF THE BANKS WHERE YOU KEEP YOUR MONEY?
   a. _____
   b. _____
   c. _____

SIGN YOUR NAME HERE: _____

9. WHAT KIND OF VALUABLE ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT OR OTHER EXPENSIVE THINGS DO YOU OWN?
   Color TV ☐ B&W TV ☐ Stereo System ☐ Tape Recorder ☐ Portable Radio ☐ Binoculars ☐
   Wristwatch ☐ Digital Calculator ☐ Other _____
   PLEASE GIVE DETAILS

10. DO YOU LIVE ALONE? _____ WHEN ARE YOU OUT? _____
    WHEN DO YOU GO ON VACATION? _____
    HOW MUCH CASH DO YOU KEEP IN YOUR HOME OR APARTMENT? _____
    EXACTLY WHERE IN YOUR HOME OR APARTMENT DO YOU KEEP IT? _____

11. WHAT KIND OF LOCK DO YOU HAVE ON YOUR DOOR? _____

12. PLACE YOUR KEY IN THIS BOX AND TRACE THE OUTLINE OF IT:

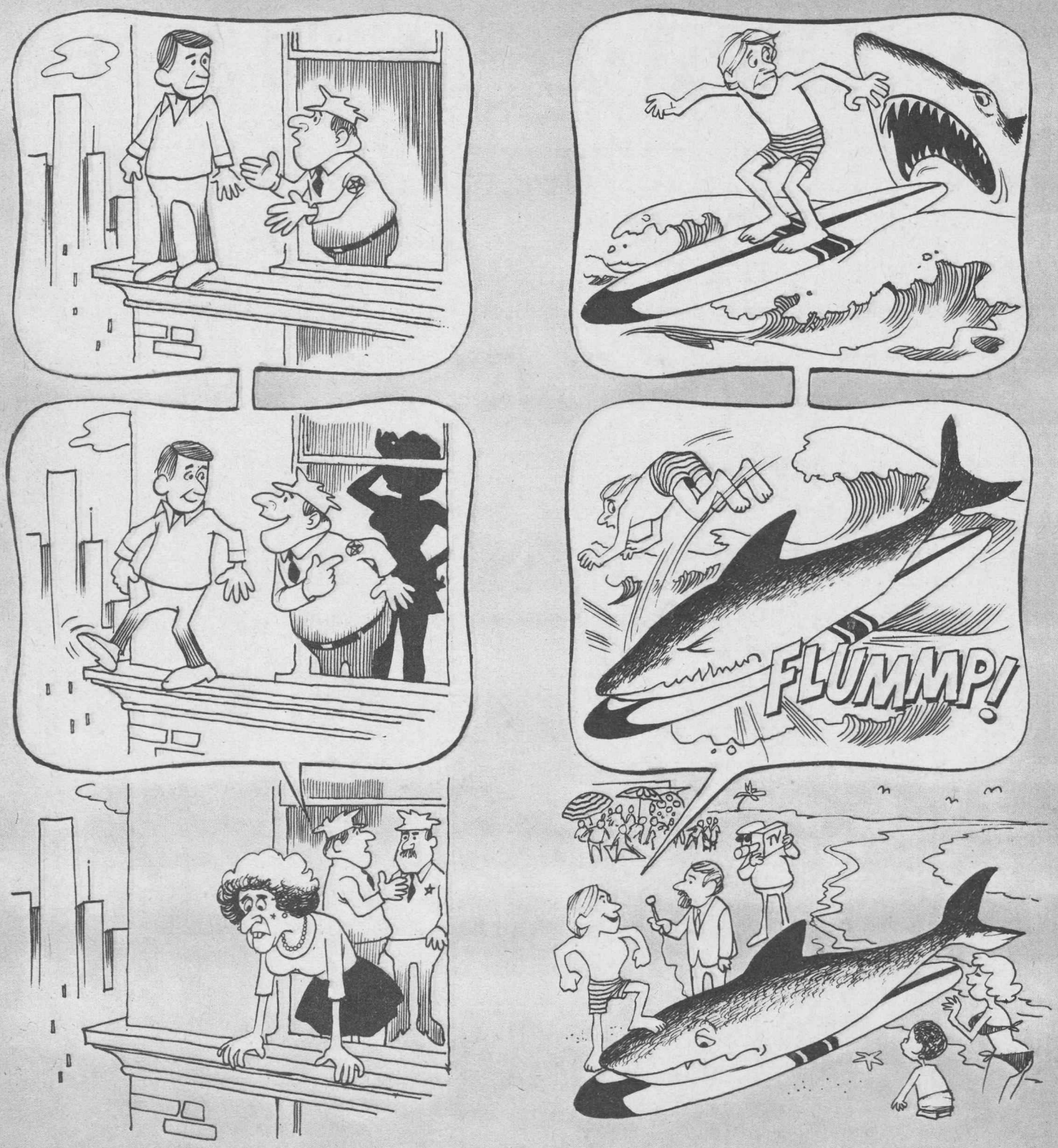
THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR YOUR HELP. PLEASE NOTIFY US IF YOU MOVE, IF YOU CHANGE YOUR WORKING HOURS, OR IF YOU CHANGE YOUR VACATION PLANS.

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

INCIDENT REPLAY DEPT.

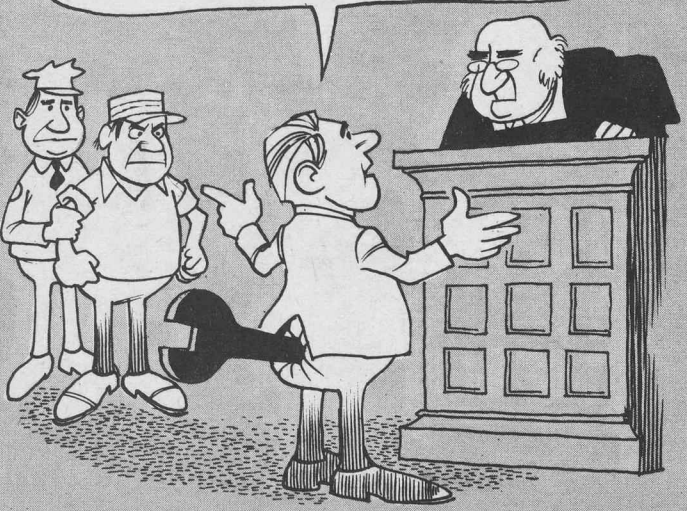
WHAT'S TH

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



E STORY...?

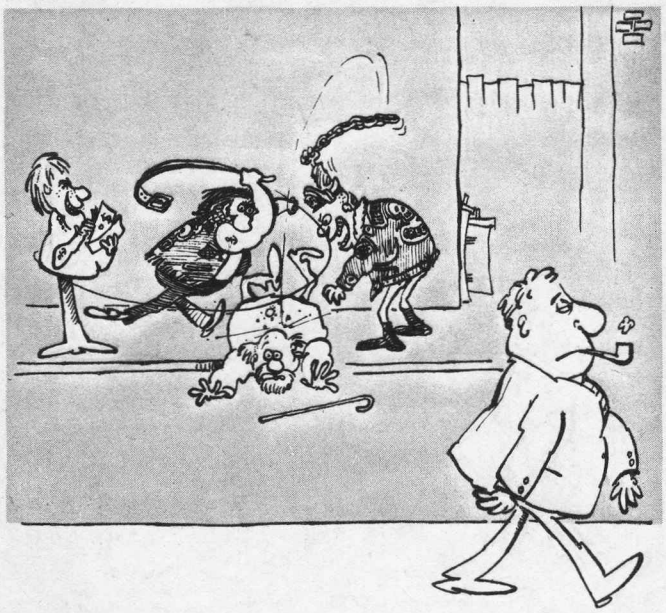
WRITER: DON EDWING

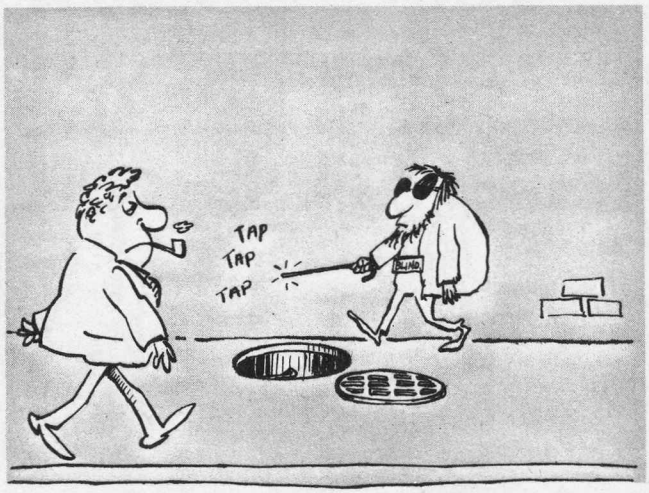


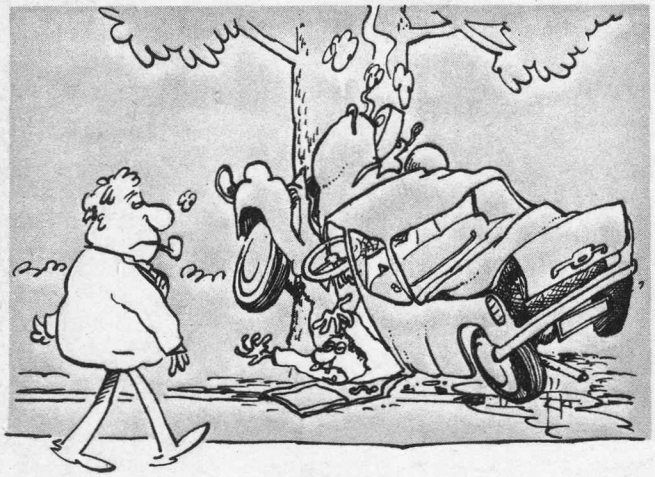
HUMANE BEING DEPT.

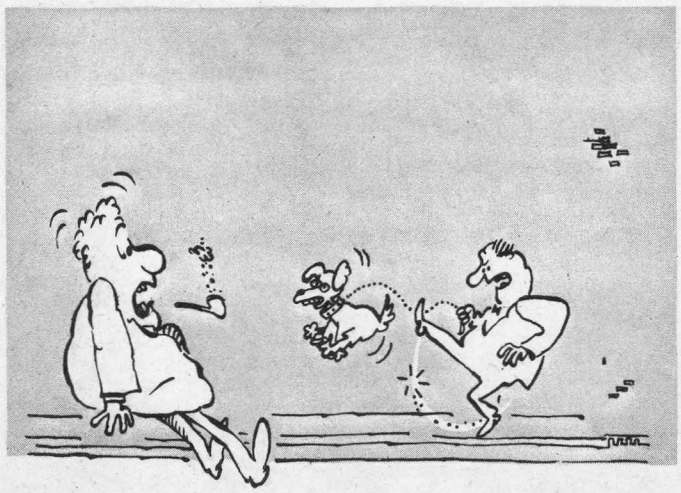
GETTING INVOLVED

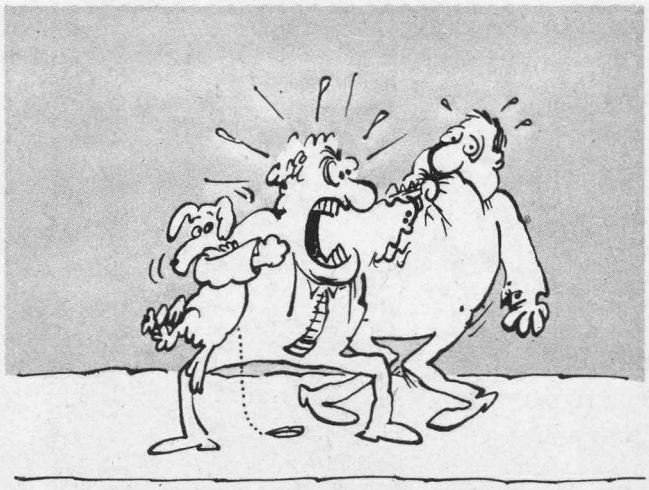
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





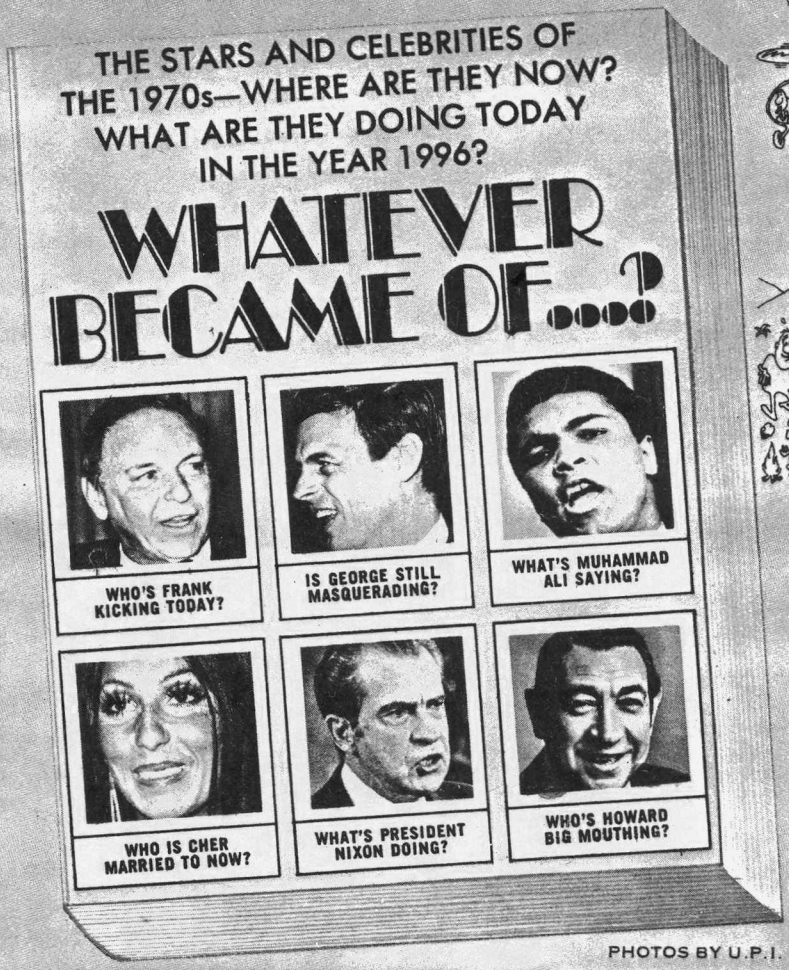






OLD FOLKS TOME DEPT.

The big craze these days is nostalgia, with so many books being written about famous people of the past and what's finally happened to them. Well, in twenty years or so, the famous people of today will become the trivia of yesterday. With this fact in mind, let us peek into the future at one of the books we'll be reading sometime in the 1990s, namely...

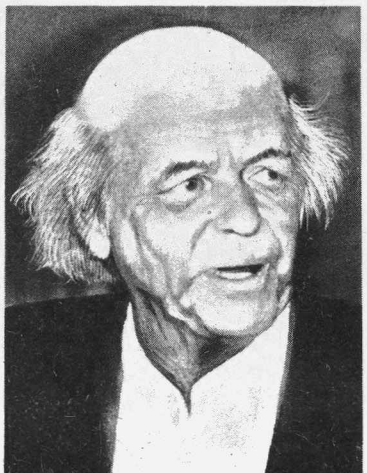


WRITER: FRANK JACOBS AGING BY: BOB CLARKE

PHOTOS BY U.P.I.

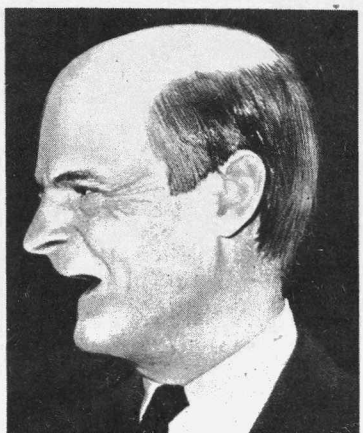
FRANK SINATRA

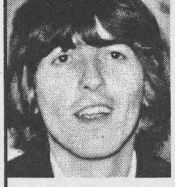
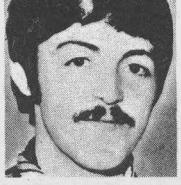
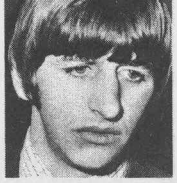
Now eighty years of age, Frank Sinatra lives in an isolated cabin somewhere in the Mojave Desert. After his final comeback tour in 1986 during which he bit a woman newspaper reporter in Calcutta, he entered the Old Singers Home in Palm Springs, California, but was thrown out for slugging a night nurse. Except for his long-time buddy Dean Martin (now 79 and recently recovered from a liver transplant), Sinatra refuses to see anyone, spends his days listening to his old recordings and kicking coyotes.



GEORGE PLIMPTON

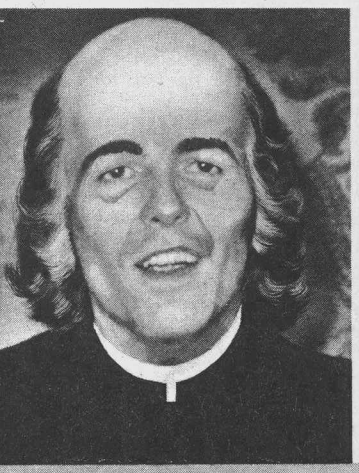
George Plimpton, who first gained fame posing as a Pro Football Player, has continued to masquerade as other people. After trying his hand as a Jai-alai Player and a Yo-Yo Expert, he left sports in the late 1970s and became, successively, a Mafia Hired Killer, an Open-Heart Surgeon, a Supreme Court Justice and, briefly in 1983, an American Airlines Stewardess. Although Plimpton has not been heard from since 1986, it is believed he is winding up his most demanding role, living the life of a Convict doing 10 years hard labor at the Illinois State Penitentiary.

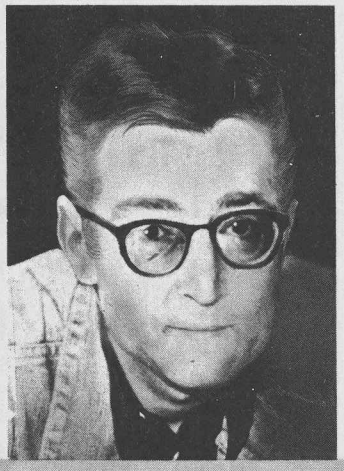


THE BEATLES

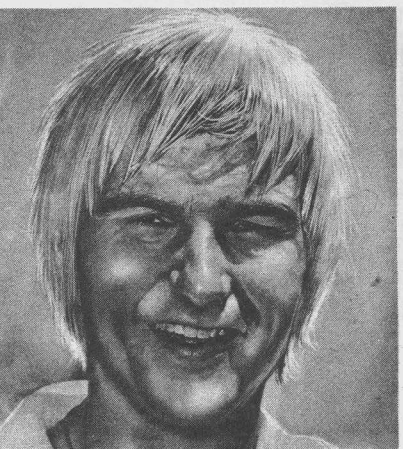
It's hard to believe that these four men, now all in their fifties, once dominated the pop music scene. George Harrison today is an Anglican Minister in the small British town of East Grivney, where he accompanies the local choir on guitar during Sunday Services. One of his neighbors is Paul McCartney, now eking out a living as a Music Teacher, after going bankrupt when the British pound collapsed in late 1986 and Britain was taken over as a colony of Canada. Ringo Starr emigrated to Australia in 1989 and is a Sheep Farmer. John Lennon, shown here at his New Mexico commune in 1990, has vanished completely from sight.





JIMMY CONNORS

Considered the top Tennis Player of the mid-1970s, Jimmy Connors was banned from tournament play in 1981 when, after a close "out" call at Wimbleton, he pulled the Line Judge down from his seat and pummeled him in front of 15,000 spectators. Earlier, he was disqualified at Forest Hills when he lay down in mid-court and threw a 10-minute tantrum, then broke his racket over the head of a heckler. Now 48, a Camp Counselor in the Catskills, Connors sulks a lot, is still undecided about his relationship with Chris Evert (now 45 and happily married to an Insurance Salesman in Fort Worth).

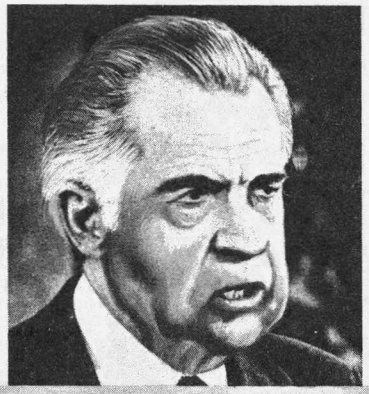


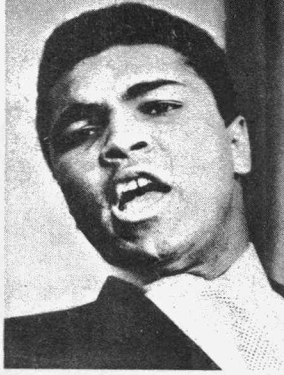
CHER BONO

Cher Bono, who recently turned 50, lives quietly in an automobile camper with her eleventh husband, none other than Sonny Bono, whom she remarried in 1983 after unsuccessful marriages to Gregg Allman (11 days), Mick Jagger (6 weeks), Warren Beatty (9 hours), David Carradine's accountant (6 days), and five others, none of whom was around long enough to reveal his name. Cher retired after her TV show was cancelled in 1977, but still hopes to make a comeback if she "can find the right partner." Current choice: 94-year old Will Geer, still spry after retiring last year from "The Waltons".

RICHARD NIXON

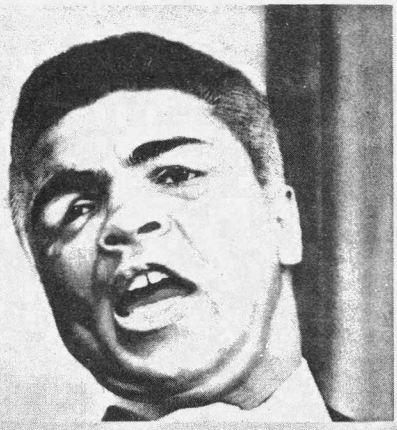
Shortly after he resigned from the Presidency, it was said by many people that Richard Nixon couldn't get elected Dogcatcher. Nixon proved them wrong being voted Dogcatcher of San Clemente in 1982 by a two-to-one margin (36 votes to 18). Now 83 and in his 14th consecutive term, he intends to hold on to the post "as long as I can carry the burden". Nixon's years as Dogcatcher have been free of scandal, despite some criticism by the press of his treatment of a fox terrier in 1991.





MUHAMMAD ALI

Now in his early fifties, Muhammad Ali is a Poetry Instructor at the University of Mississippi. The ex-heavyweight champ quit boxing in 1976 to become emcee of his own late-night television talk show, which enjoyed a brief success until the CBS network cancelled it when Ali refused to allow any of his guests to speak. After two losing tries at the U.S. Senate, he ran for the Presidency in 1984 as the write-in candidate of his "I Am The Greatest" Party, winding up with no electoral votes whatsoever.



HOWARD COSELL

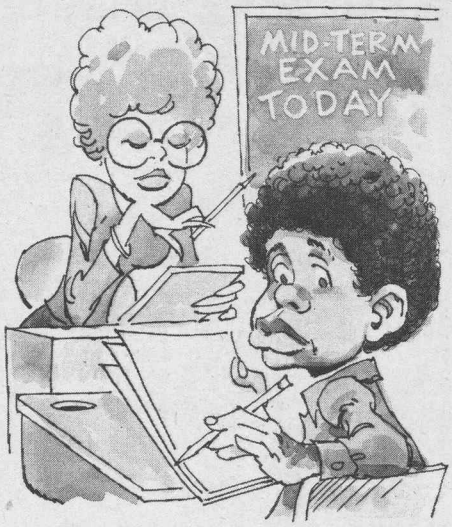
Known as the man who told it "like it is", Howard Cosell left sportscasting in 1981 to work for the State Department. His appointment as Roving Goodwill Ambassador got off to a shaky start when his comments on table tennis broke off U.S. relations with China. Sent to South America, his remarks on bullfighting touched off anti-American riots in Brazil, Argentina and Equador. Now 78 and semi-retired, Cosell is considering a return to sportscasting to "blow the lid off," as he puts it, "corruption that permeates every area of water skiing."

AL PACINO

Al Pacino began his screen career in 1972 playing Michael Corleone in "The Godfather", ended it in 1984 playing the same role in "The Godfather Part VI". In between, he starred in a Broadway musical based on "The Godfather", called "The Mob's All Here," in which he sang the Hit song, "I've Got A Contract Out On You." His last acting job was in the TV comedy series, "The Crazy Corleones", since which he has been confined to his home in Beverly Hills with what doctors call "an identity crisis".

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

... a teacher droning on and on for a whole period?

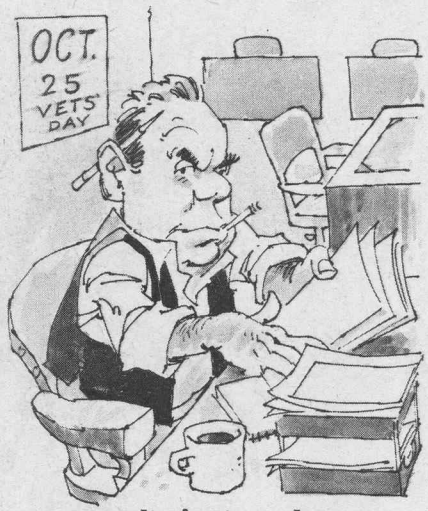


A teacher not saying a word for a whole period!

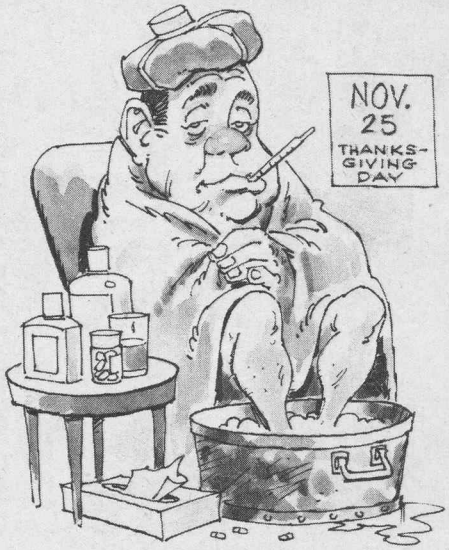
WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

... listening to the kids bang around and make noise?

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... having to work on a Holiday?



Having a Holiday off and being sick!

QUIT WHILE YOU'RE BEHIND DEPT.

WH WO THA

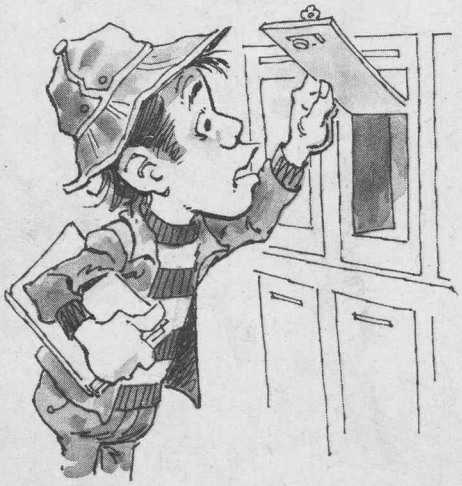
ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...

... losing a contact lens?

Finding it unexpectedly!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN...



... no letter from home?

AT'S RSE N...?

WRITER: ALIS ELLIS

Nothing but silence . . . and you know they're up there!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN . . .

. . . being sent down to the Principal's office alone?

Being in the Principal's office with your Parents!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN . . .

. . . making a costly mistake?

Having someone else find it before you can correct it!

A letter from home with no check!

WHAT'S WORSE THAN . . .

. . . bringing lunch to school?

Buying it in the cafeteria!

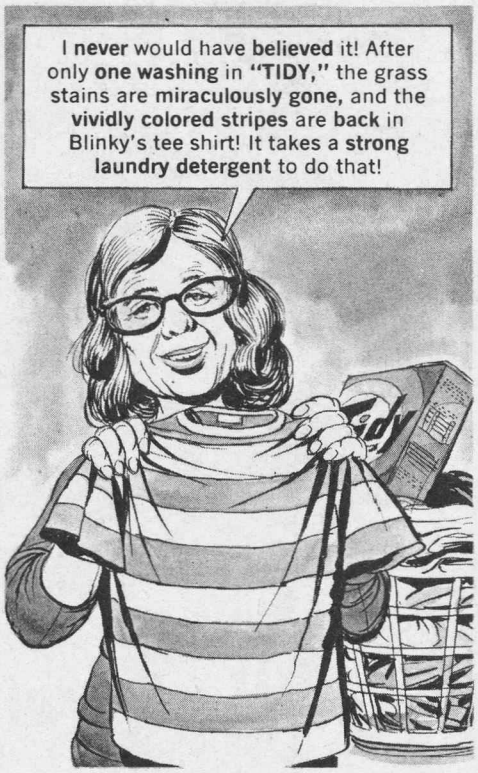
AD-MISSION IMPOSSIBLE DEPT.

If you're a typical MAD Reader, you know that Television Commercials insult your intelligence—mainly because we've told you, although you lack the intelligence to figure out why. So now, we're gonna tell you why! The tricky thing about TV Commercials is that they don't quite lie to us . . .

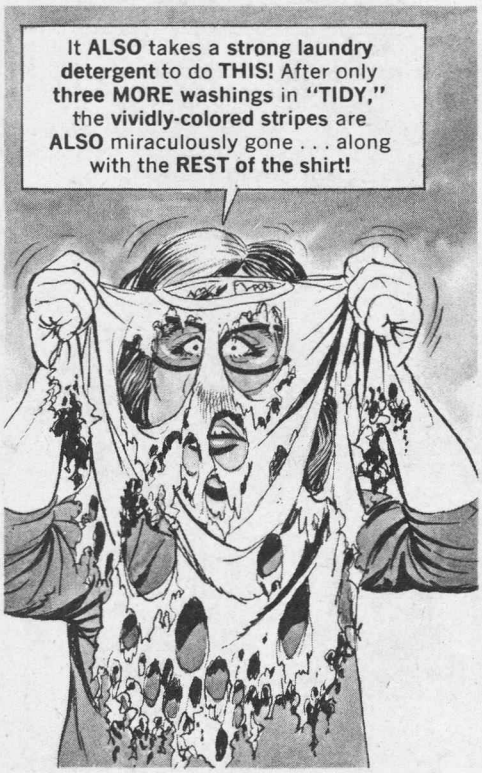
IF TV COMMERCIALS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

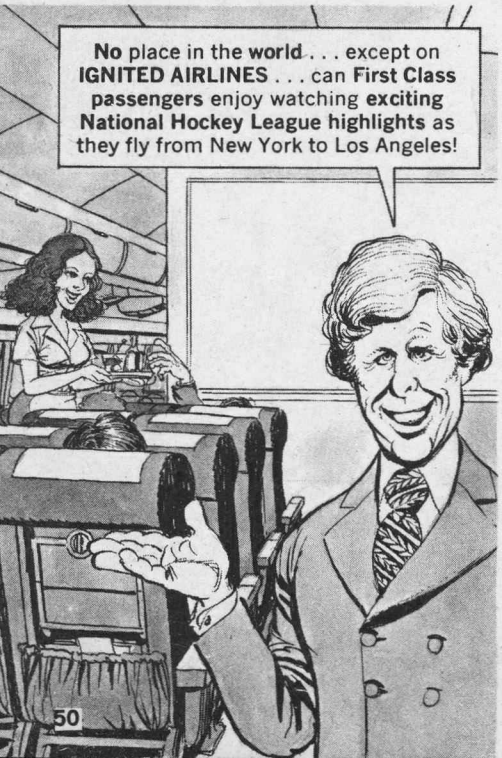
WHAT THEY TELL US . . .

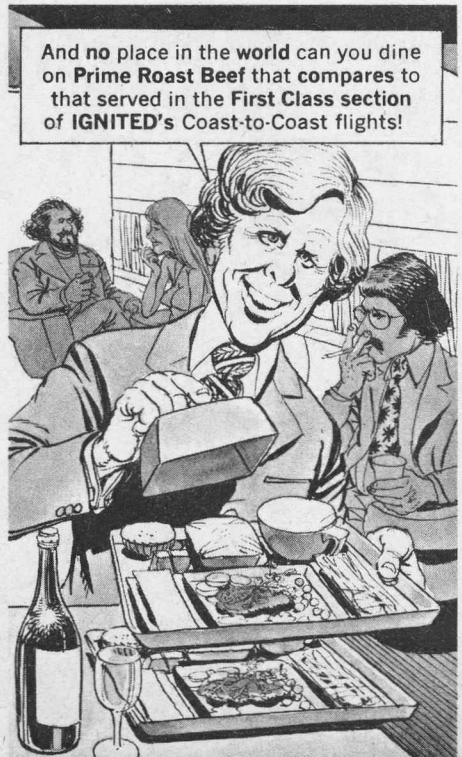


THE PART THEY LEAVE OUT . . .



WHAT THEY TELL US . . .





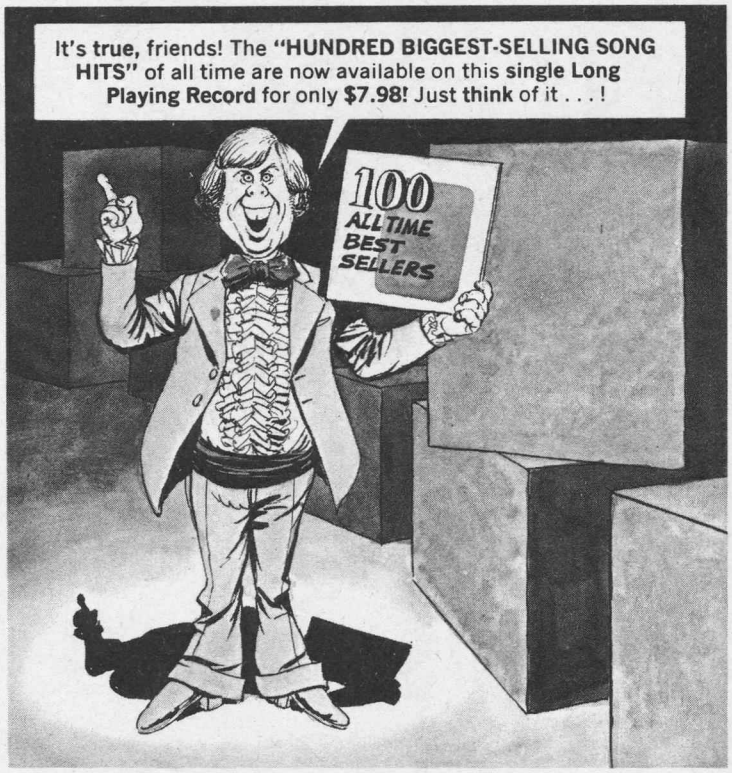
THE PART THEY LEAVE OUT . . .

they just bombard us with so many favorable statements, statistics, endorsements, homey playlets and "scientific" comparison tests that we never really think about the important and unfavorable facts that have been deliberately left out. Here, then, is MAD's idea of what it would be like . . .

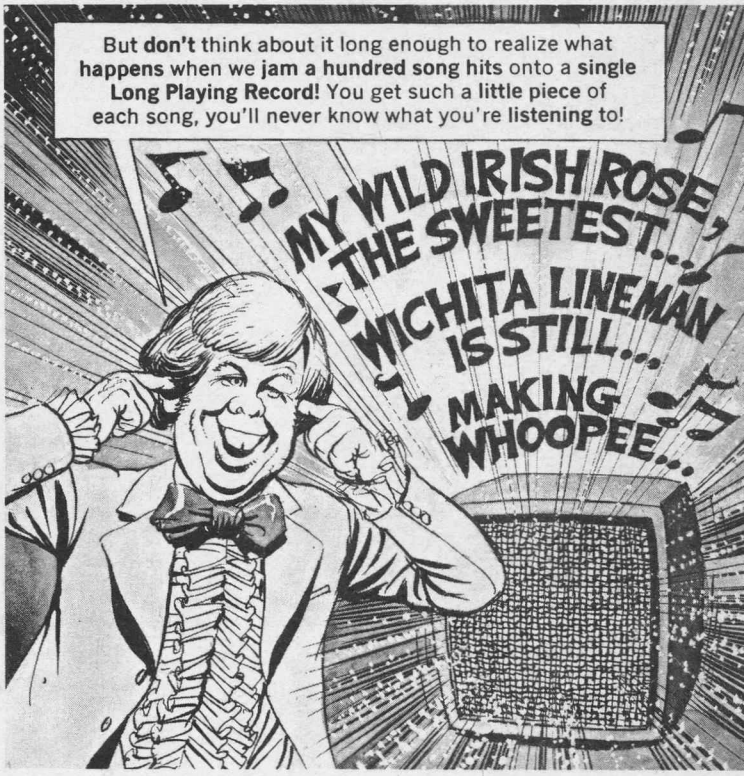
TOLD US EVERYTHING

WRITER: TOM KOCH

WHAT THEY TELL US . . .



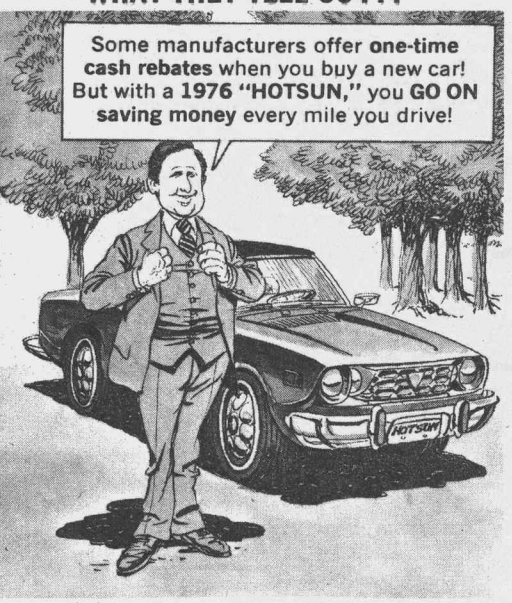
THE PART THEY LEAVE OUT . . .

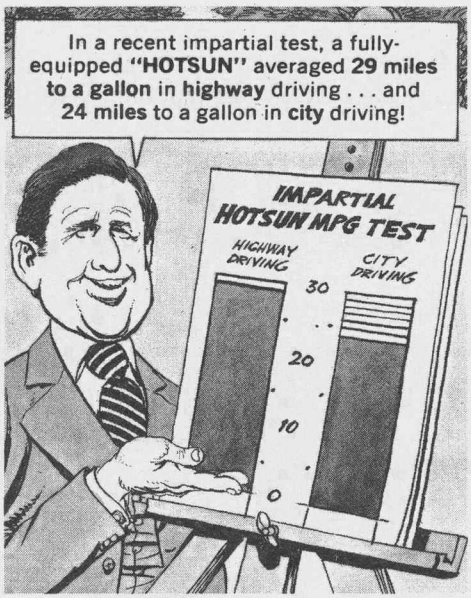


WHAT THEY TELL YOU . . .

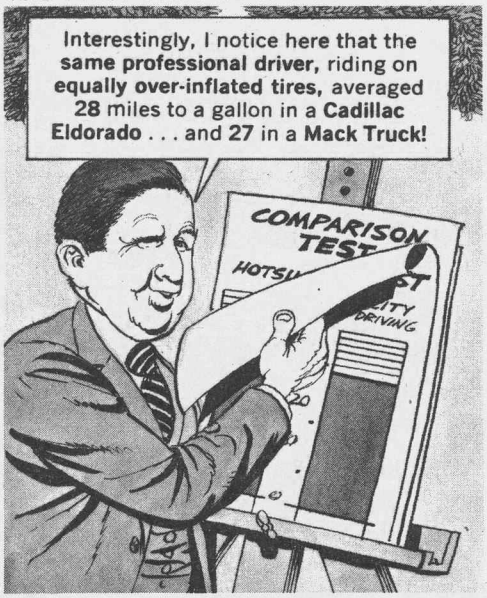
THE PART THEY LEAVE OUT . . .

WHAT THEY TELL US . . .





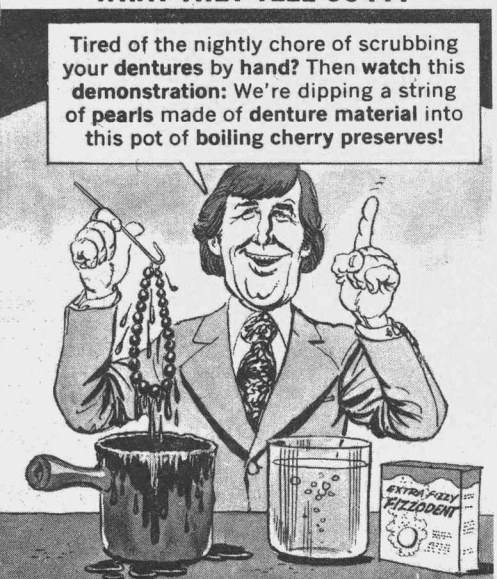
THE PART THEY LEAVE OUT . . .



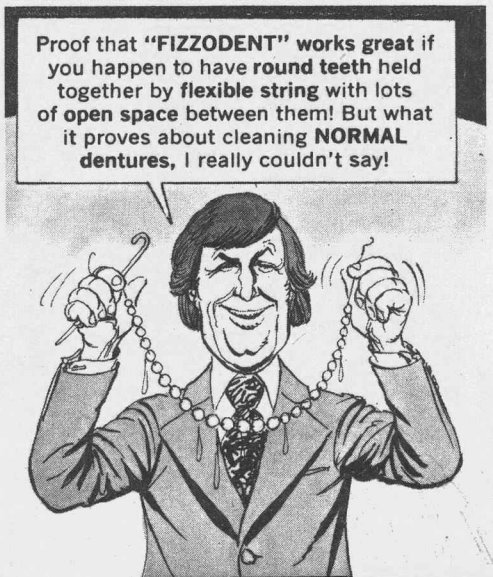
WHAT THEY TELL US . . .

THE PART THEY LEAVE OUT . . .

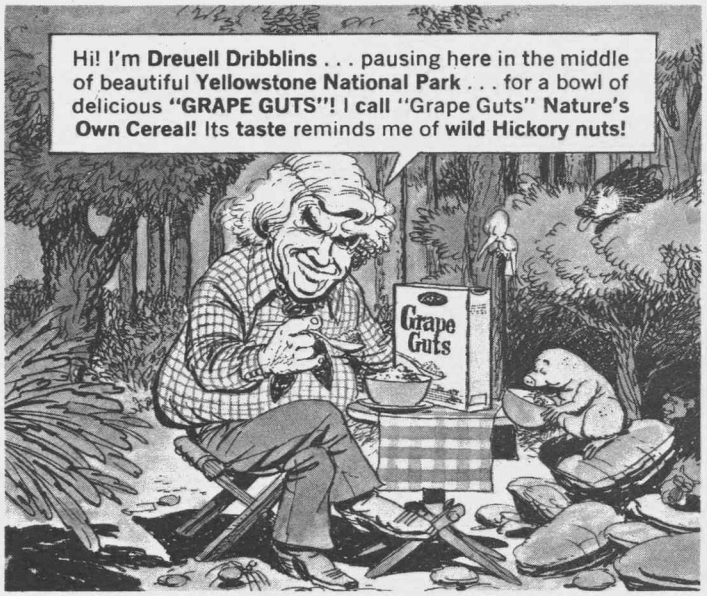
WHAT THEY TELL US . . .



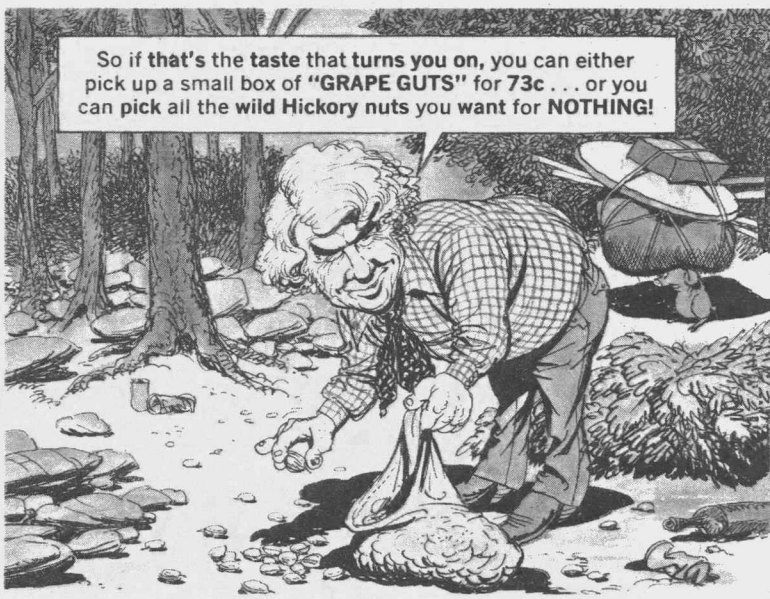
THE PART THEY LEAVE OUT . . .



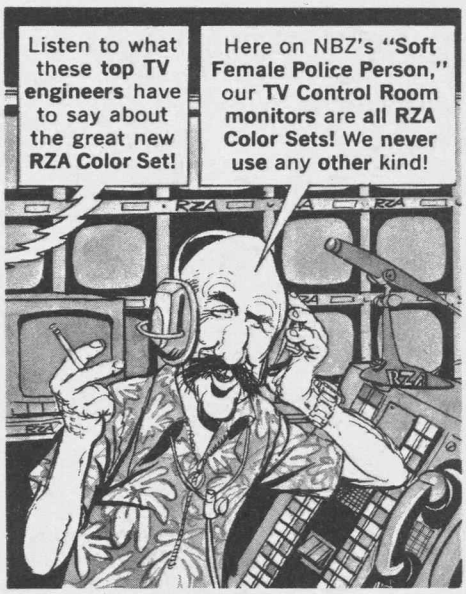
WHAT THEY TELL US . . .

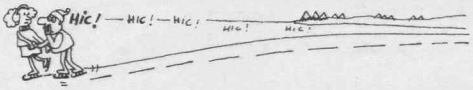


THE PART THEY LEAVE OUT . . .



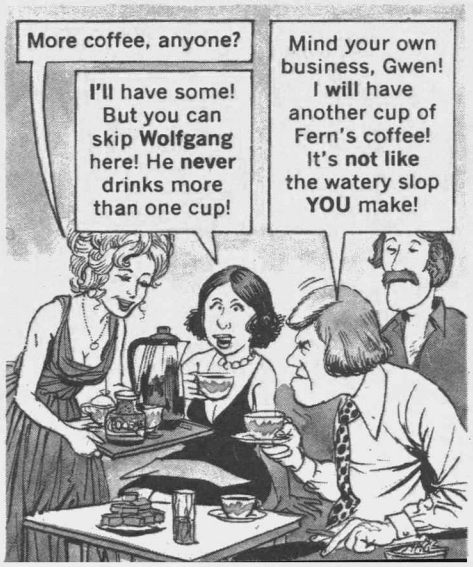
WHAT THEY TELL US . . .



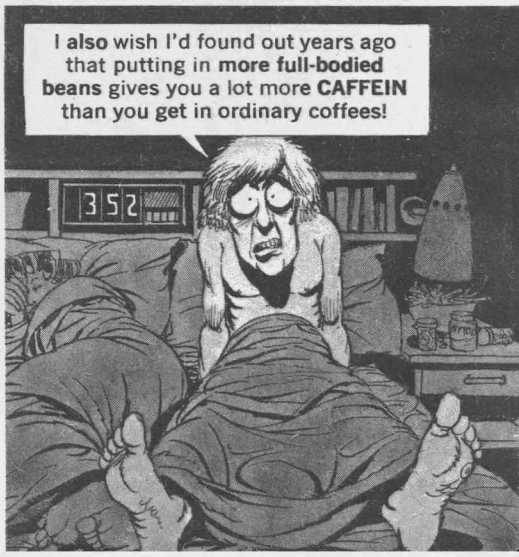


THE PART THEY LEAVE OUT . . .

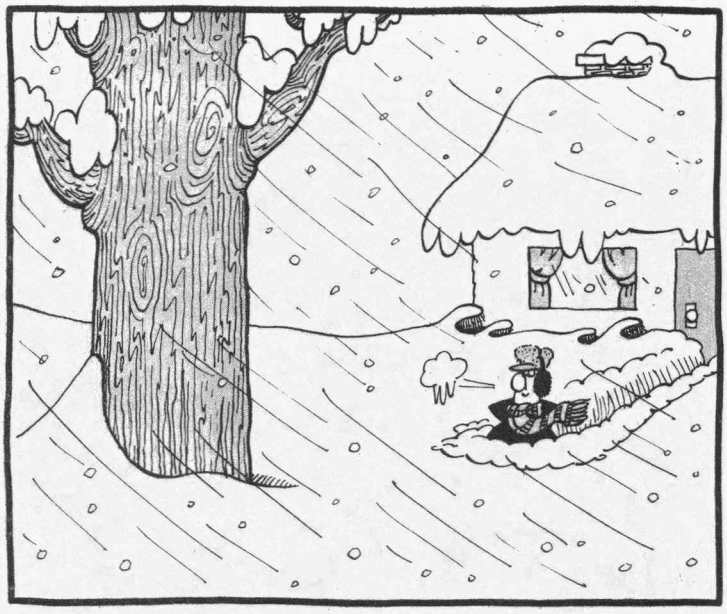
WHAT THEY TELL US . . .

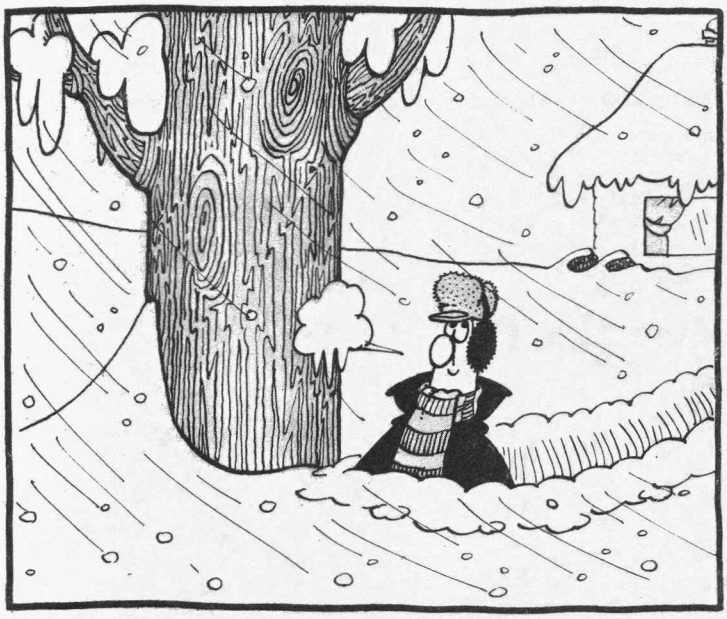


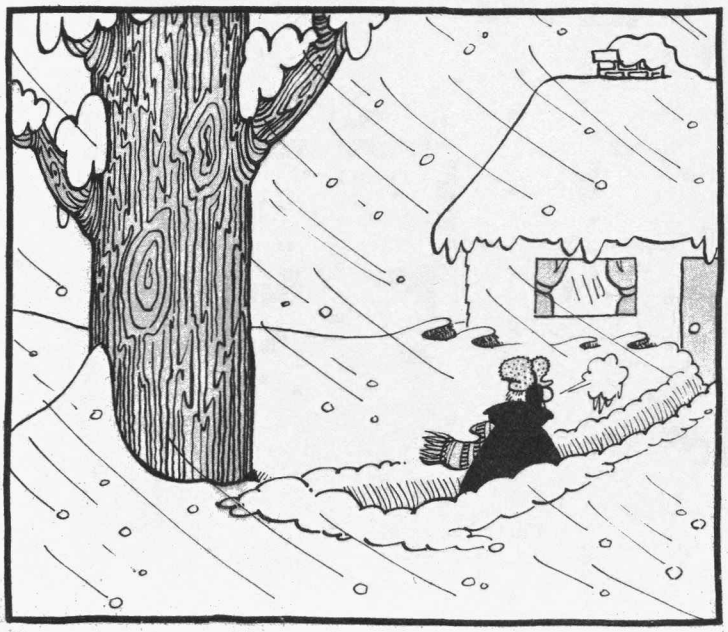
THE PART THEY LEAVE OUT . . .



LATE ONE AFTERNOON LAST JANUARY



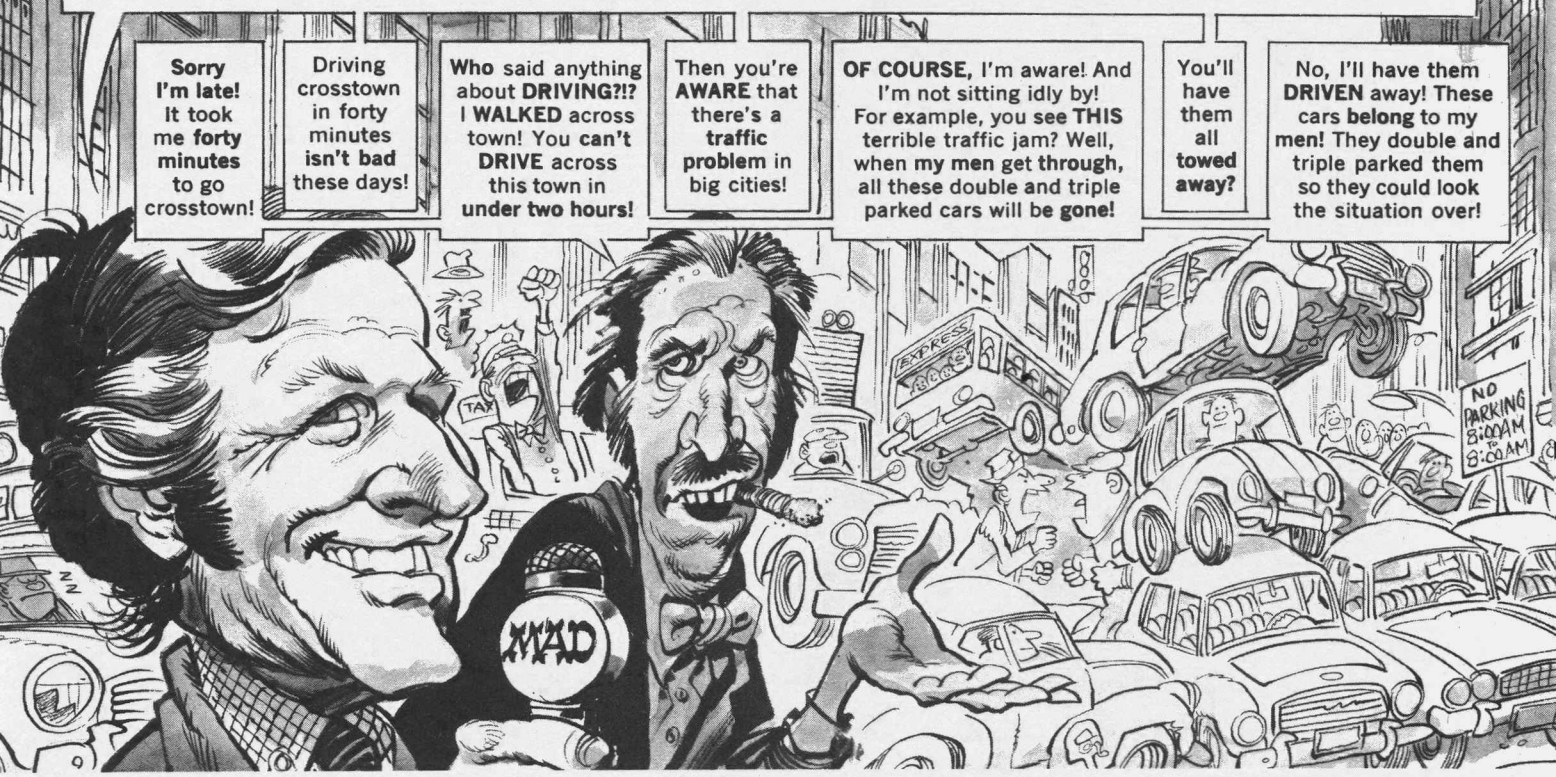




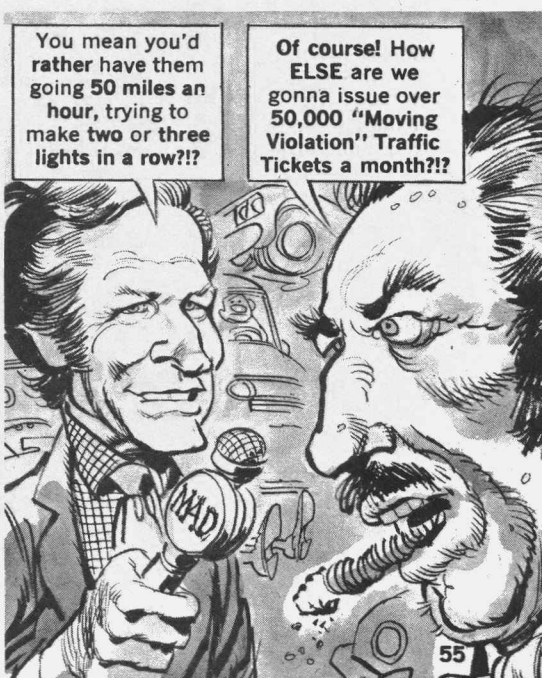
THE COLOSSUS OF ROADS DEPT.

Hi! I'm **John Linzey!** A **vote** was taken, and **I** won the **job** . . . which may be the **worst thing for my career** since becoming **Mayor** of **New York** . . . but I've stupidly accepted this magazine's assignment to interview **Mr. Charles Snaffeau** who's been named as . . .

MAD'S "TRAFFIC COMMISSIONER" OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



How come that man is **taking down** that **"NO PARKING"** sign?

That's part of our new **"Clarification Program"!** We'll be **replacing** all the old "No Parking" signs with **these!**

How in the world does a sign **that confusing** fit in with a so-called **"Clarification Program"?**

Well, it was **very CLEAR to us** that we weren't issuing enough **"Standing Violation" Traffic Tickets!** So these just **might do it!**

NO PARKING 9AM TO 9PM AND 9PM TO 9AM WEEK-ENDS AND NON-WEEK-ENDS

NO PARKING

I see **part** of the problem on this street is the **Telephone Company** is **digging it up!** Are you doing anything about **that?**

Definitely! We told the Phone Company they **must** have that hole **filled** in and **paved over** by the end of the month!

And then the traffic problem will be **eased?**

No . . . then the **Electric Company** will come in and dig it all up for **their** work!

It seems like **every street** in this City is **torn up** for some reason!

That's **not true!** There's not one hole dug in **Elm Street,** and **Town Road** is free of any construction!

That's good! By the way, Commissioner, where do **YOU** live?

I **live** on **Elm Street** . . . and my **office** is on **Town Road!**

So these are the offices of the **Traffic Department** and the **Bureau of Motor Vehicles!**

Yes, but just the **OFFICES** of each! Which means that if you want to get a **Driver's License,** you come **here!** But if you want to get a license for your **car,** you have to go **UPTOWN!** And if you want to pay a **Traffic Ticket,** you have to go **DOWNTOWN!**

That's **very confusing,** isn't it?

Not really! Actually, we have the whole thing outlined in a **brochure!**

Oh? Could I **have** a copy?

The brochure is **only** given away at the **Traffic Dept. Printing Office . . . CROSSTOWN!!**

TRAFFIC DEPT. MOTOR VEHICLES

Suppose we look in some **offices!** For example . . . **this** door says, **"Creative Sign-Making"!** What goes on in **here?**

CREATIVE SIGN MAKING

Sorry, but that's not open to the public!

How do you like my entry in this month's **"Confusing Traffic Sign Contest"?** It's a **"Do Not Enter" sign** with a **flashing green light** on it!

I don't think it stands a **chance** against **mine!**

DO NOT ENTER

ONE WAY

I see that **this** is the room where the guys who give **Driving Tests** relax by watching **movies!**

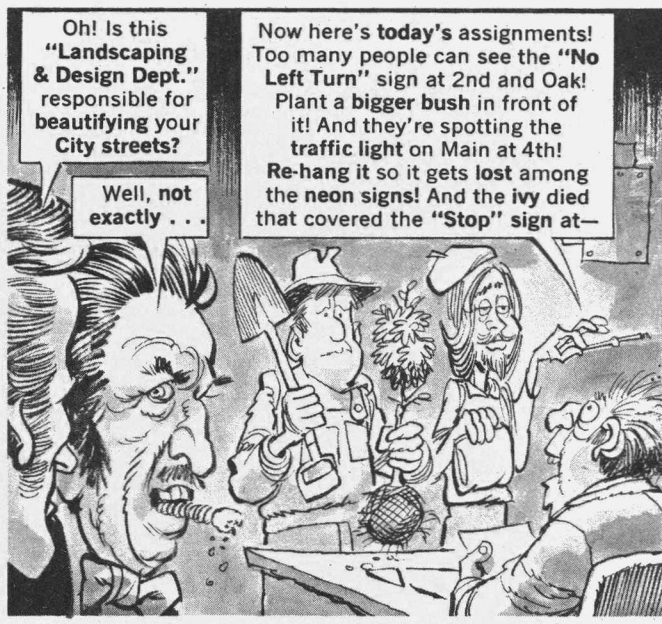
Yes! We show them endless shots of **traffic jams** so they'll realize that every time they let someone **pass** and get a **license,** it makes it that much harder on **them** and their **families** to **drive on our streets** and to **park!**

No wonder I had to take my Driver's Test twice!

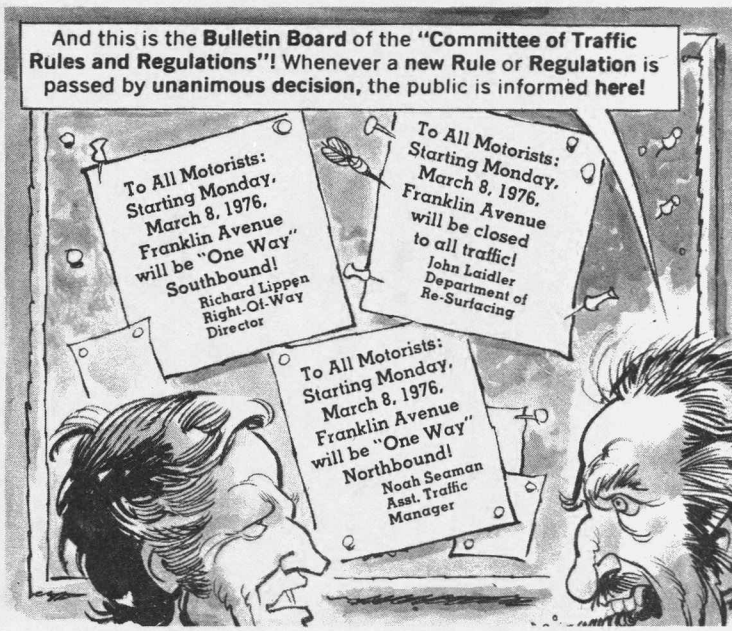
Only **twice?!?** Must've been **before** we put up this **sign!**

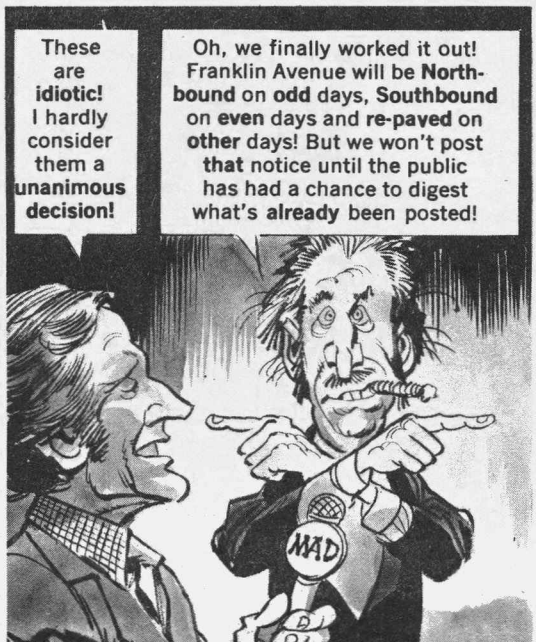
THE CAR THAT CRASHES INTO YOU WILL PROBABLY BE DRIVEN BY SOMEONE YOU GAVE A LICENSE TO!

I see you have some of the new "Picture Regulatory Road Signs" posted here!
No right turn!
No left turn!
No trucks!
No "U" turn!
Say! What's THIS one? I never saw THIS before! What do these signs forbid . . . ?
Oh, we just put them up around town and let the Arresting Officer decide what should be forbidden at the time!


Oh! Is this "Landscaping & Design Dept." responsible for beautifying your City streets?
Well, not exactly . . .
Now here's today's assignments! Too many people can see the "No Left Turn" sign at 2nd and Oak! Plant a bigger bush in front of it! And they're spotting the traffic light on Main at 4th! Re-hang it so it gets lost among the neon signs! And the ivy died that covered the "Stop" sign at—

Look at the "Parking Meter Dept."! You've got eight men just fixing Parking Meters! But, wait a minute! If they're FIXING them, why are they pounding them with hammers . . . ?!?
They're "fixing" them to pay off better! See, a working Meter only earns 10c an hour! But a busted Meter earns at least one $5.00 Illegal Parking Ticket an hour! I mean, the City needs money to operate, and a dime doesn't buy very much these days . . . right?!?


And this is the Bulletin Board of the "Committee of Traffic Rules and Regulations"! Whenever a new Rule or Regulation is passed by unanimous decision, the public is informed here!
To All Motorists: Starting Monday, March 8, 1976, Franklin Avenue will be "One Way" Southbound! Richard Lippen Right-Of-Way Director
To All Motorists: Starting Monday, March 8, 1976, Franklin Avenue will be closed to all traffic! John Laidler Department of Re-Surfacing
To All Motorists: Starting Monday, March 8, 1976, Franklin Avenue will be "One Way" Northbound! Noah Seaman Asst. Traffic Manager

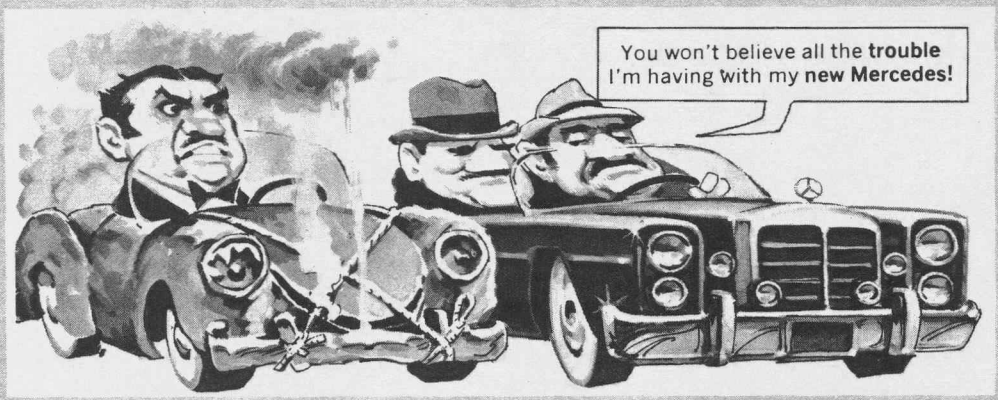

These are idiotic! I hardly consider them a unanimous decision!
Oh, we finally worked it out! Franklin Avenue will be Northbound on odd days, Southbound on even days and re-paved on other days! But we won't post that notice until the public has had a chance to digest what's already been posted!
MAD

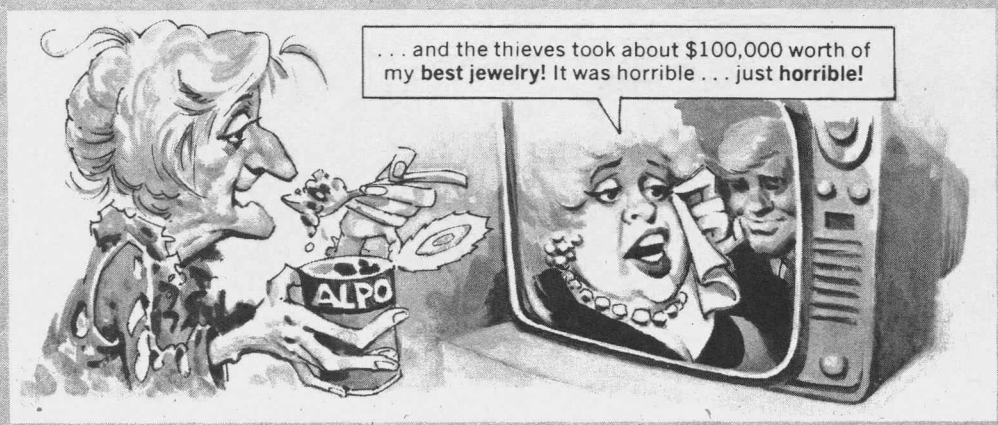
I must say, Mr. Snaffeau, that with you as Traffic Commissioner, it's a miracle that traffic moves at all! Excuse me for saying this, Sir, but your Department is even more screwed up than the traffic!
That, my good man, is going to cost you a $25 fine!!
What happened to Freedom of Speech?
It WENT OUT when I put up that sign!
This is John Linzey for MAD Magazine!
MAD

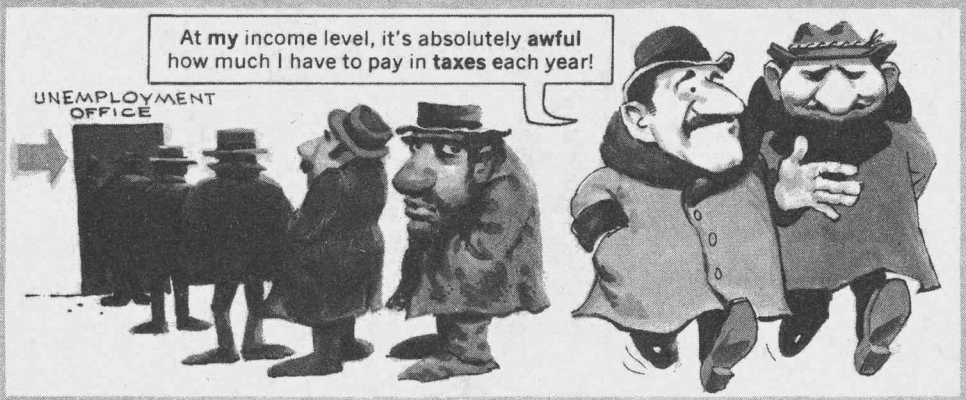
PITY LARCENY DEPT.

It's not that we at MAD don't have any compassion. We do! For example, we feel sorry for YOU . . . 'cause you just wasted 50¢ on this magazine. But we really can't feel sorry for all those *other* people who keep trying to *make us* feel sorry for them! It just doesn't work . . . and we're sure you'll agree as you study

A MAD GALLERY OF PEOPLE IT'S HARD T

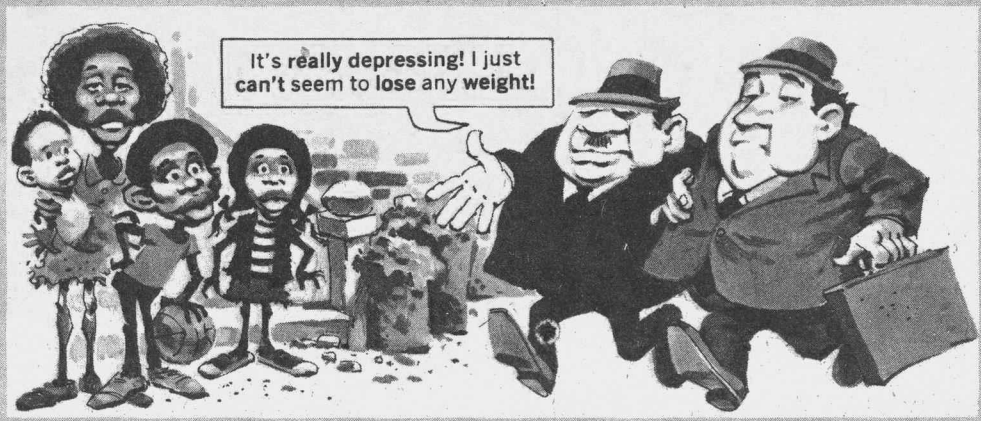


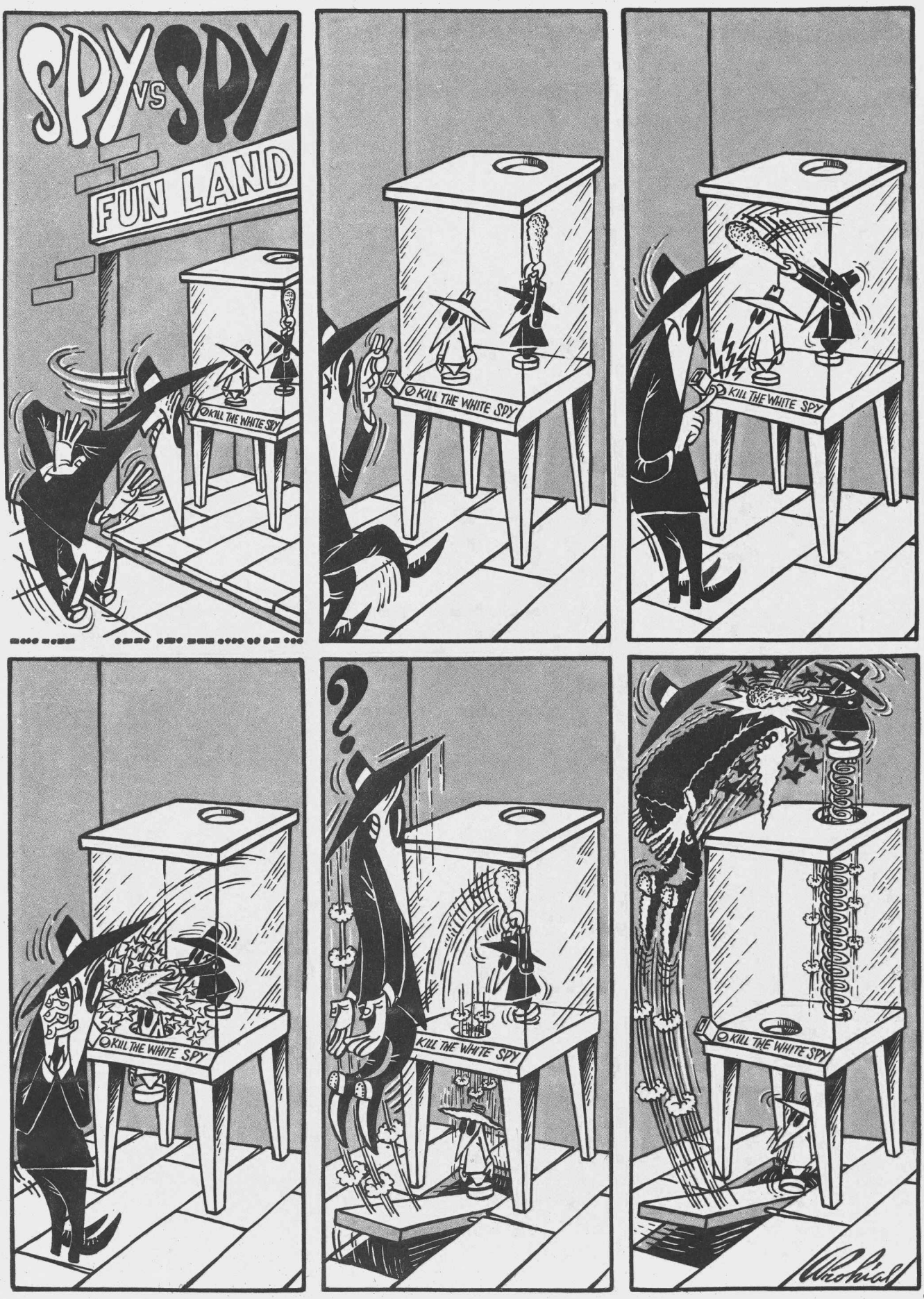




O FEEL SORRY FOR

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE




SPY vs SPY
FUN LAND
KILL THE WHITE SPY
KILL THE WHITE SPY
KILL THE WHITE SPY
KILL THE WHITE SPY
?
KILL THE WHITE SPY
KILL THE WHITE SPY

TAKE COVERAGE! DEPT.

Nowadays, we hear a lot about "Malpractice Insurance" for Doctors. This insurance covers the Doctor when he screws up, and pays the patient for his lost time, his lost income and his lost organs (which may or may not have had to come out!). And all this is groovy for Doctors, because if they cared little enough for patients before, they can care even less now since the Insurance Company pays for their mistakes. Which got us thinking: How about covering *other* clods who make mistakes for which we all have to suffer? Yessiree, MAD thinks there really ought to be these—

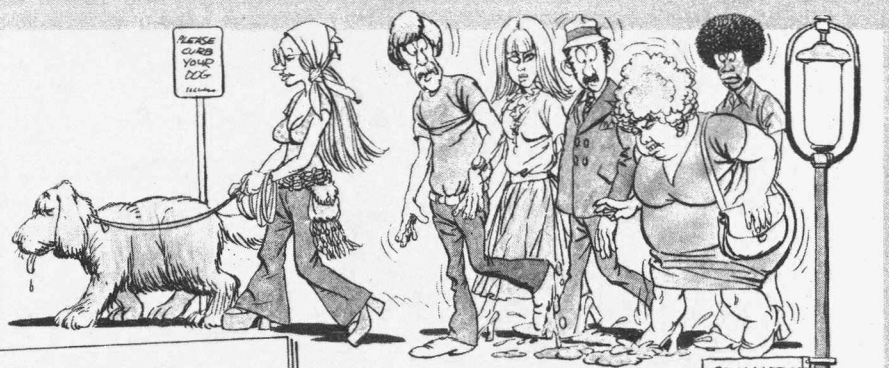
OTHER FORMS OF MALPRACTICE INSURANCE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: STAN HART

THE ALLBITE INSURANCE COMPANY

"You're In Good Paws With AllBite!"

PET OWNERS MALPRACTICE COVERAGE

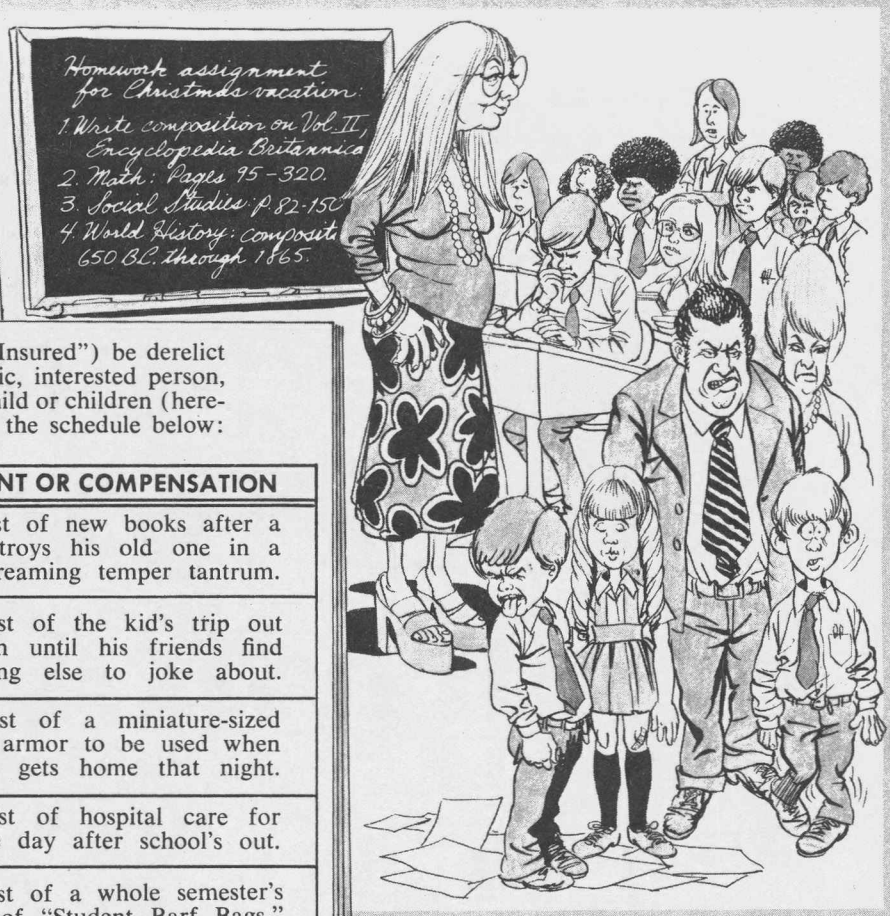


This policy covers the Pet Owner for any unfortunate incident or other unpleasantness which may arise from an action directly attributed to said "Pet." Coverage does not apply if "Pet" is Doberman, Cheetah or Gorilla. Who's gonna complain about them?

MALPRACTICE INFRACTION	PAYMENT OR COMPENSATION
For not curbing your dog and permitting him to doo on the sidewalks of congested areas—	The cost of replacing people's shoes (also socks and trouser cuffs if yours is larger dog).
For encouraging your guests to pet your dog because "he won't bite . . . he just loves people"—	The plastic surgery fees for removing the fang marks from your guests' hands and arms.
For allowing your dog to run free through neighborhood—	The cost of finding homes for the litters of pups he sired.
For having the bad taste and the unmitigated gall to take your dog along when you visit the home of a close friend—	The cost of a rug cleaning and also replacing your friend's address book because he's torn out the page with your name.
For using that old pretext of walking your dog at night in order to meet and date girls—	The cost of the hookers whose time you waste thinking they were really interested in you.
For having a dinner party and feeding your dog at the table—	The cost of Pepto Bismol, Alka Seltzer and other cures needed to treat your guests' nausea.

MUTUAL OF FINSTERVILLE

Teachers Malpractice Insurance



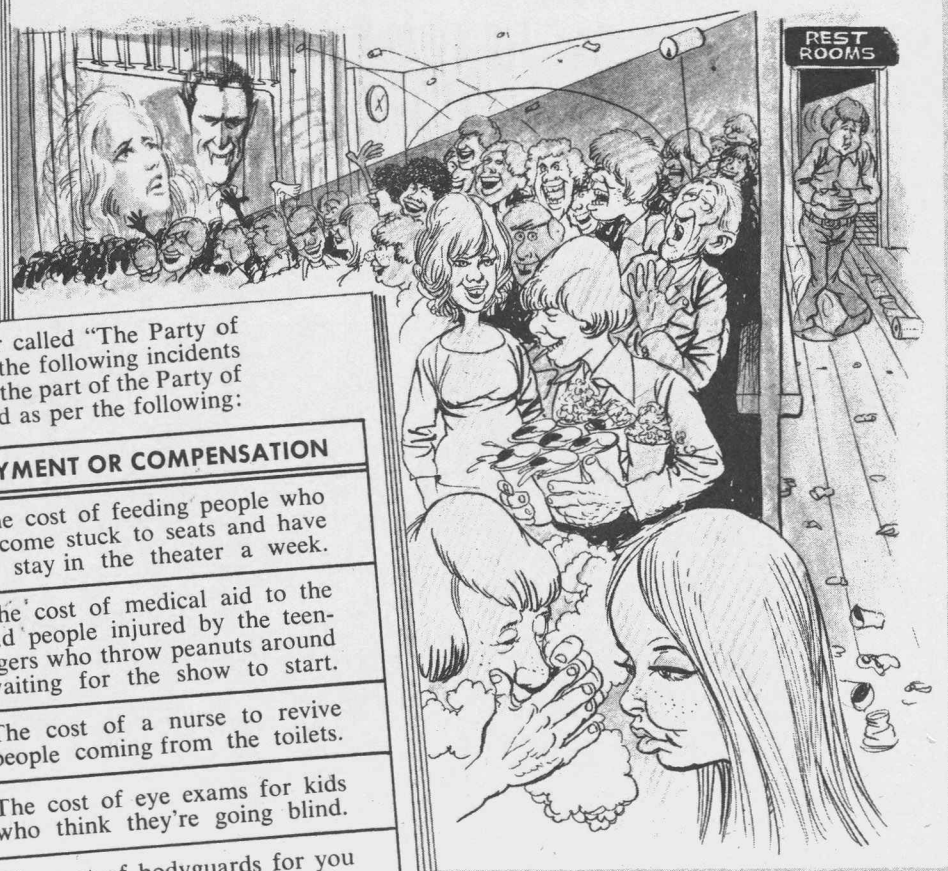
Should the Teacher (hereafter called "The Insured") be derelict in his or her duty as a concerned, empathic, interested person, the Company will re-imburse the damaged child or children (hereafter called "The Victims") as reflected in the schedule below:

MALPRACTICE INFRACTION	PAYMENT OR COMPENSATION
For assigning homework during Christmas or Easter vacations, or over any holiday weekend—	The cost of new books after a kid destroys his old one in a wild screaming temper tantrum.
For picking a play in which a 10-year-old boy has to kiss a 10-year-old girl on the lips—	The cost of the kid's trip out of town until his friends find something else to joke about.
For calling on a "dumb" child when his parents are in the room during Open School Week—	The cost of a miniature-sized suit of armor to be used when the kid gets home that night.
For making the most unpopular child your "Teacher's Pet"—	The cost of hospital care for him the day after school's out.
For trying to talk hip to your students & for trying to look younger than you really are—	The cost of a whole semester's supply of "Student Barf Bags."

THE COLOSSAL SENSATIONAL INSURANCE CORPORATION

presents

THE THEATER OWNERS MALPRACTICE POLICY



The Party of the First Part (hereafter called "The Party of the Second Part") will be covered for the following incidents which may result from belligerence on the part of the Party of the—You pick a part!—and will be paid as per the following:

MALPRACTICE INFRACTION	PAYMENT OR COMPENSATION
For allowing your customers to buy drinks and take them back to their seats during shows—	The cost of feeding people who become stuck to seats and have to stay in the theater a week.
For having those endless intermissions between each segment—	The cost of medical aid to the old people injured by the teenagers who throw peanuts around waiting for the show to start.
For failing to clean your rest rooms on a regular daily basis—	The cost of a nurse to revive people coming from the toilets.
For showing wide-screen films on your regular size screen—	The cost of eye exams for kids who think they're going blind.
For charging $3.50 admission—	The cost of bodyguards for you when audiences see those bombs you've been charging $3.50 for.

THE PRUDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

"Some Peace For The Jock"

LITTLE LEAGUE MANAGERS MALPRACTICE COVERAGE

This policy is issued to protect those Little League Managers who fail to carry out the ideals, hopes and purposes of Little League Baseball. The Company will make restitutions for any of the malpractice infractions listed as per the schedule below:

MALPRACTICE INFRACTION	PAYMENT OR COMPENSATION
For taking out a child for a pinch hitter when the team is behind 17 in the 1st inning—	The cost of soundproofing the kid's room so his folks can't hear him cursing and sobbing.
For being too energetic and dedicated when hitting balls to kids for infield practice—	The fees for replacing busted glasses, capping front teeth, and having broken noses fixed.
For putting a new pitcher in with bases loaded in the last of the ninth of a tie game—	The cost of dry cleaning the kid's uniform, and especially for laundering his underpants.
For insisting on coaching kids on the proper way to slide—	The cost of skin graft operations on the kids' buttocks.
For insisting on getting up to bat to show the kids "just exactly how it should be done"—	The cost of an escort for your wife while you're recovering in the hospital in traction.

METROPOLITAN WIFE & HUSBAND INSURANCE CO.

Parents Malpractice Policy

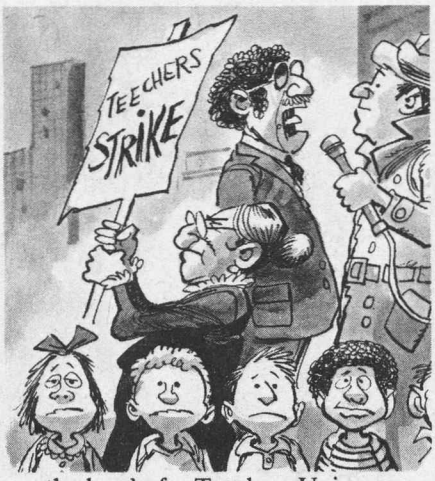
This policy covers Parents who fail in their chosen pursuit of Parenthood. The Company (hereafter called "The Company") will re-imburse the damaged party or parties (hereafter called "The Kids") as per the following malpractice infractions, to wit...

MALPRACTICE INFRACTION	PAYMENT OR COMPENSATION
For the domination of their son, especially by a strong, aggressive mother and a weak retiring father, causing the kid to become a homosexual—	The cost of an apartment in Greenwich village and a Summer place on Fire Island for ten years, decorated in the pastel shades of his choice.
For their constant bickering, thereby creating a hostile, sick atmosphere in the home—	The cost of sending either the children or the parents to a distant sleepaway camp.
For their continuous bragging about how they cheat the U.S. Government on their taxes—	The cost of a good lawyer for any child who'll probably be arrested for some petty crime.
For lecturing the children on what is "right" and what is "wrong" and what is expected of them as family members—	The cost of an eight year's supply of "NoDoz Tablets."

CY-NACL DEPT.

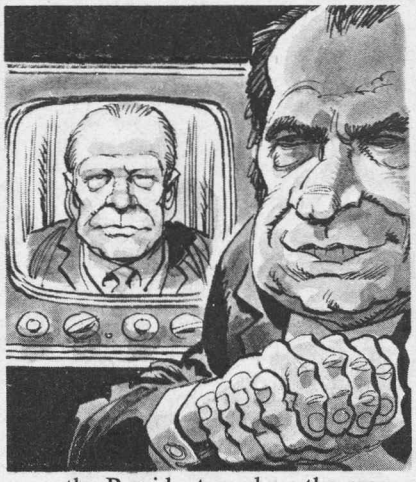
TAKE IT WITH A GR

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS



. . . the head of a Teachers Union says they're striking for higher wages so the kids will get a better education.

. . . a businessman says yes, he gave a politician a half million bucks, but he never expected anything in return.



. . . the President pardons the man who appointed him to the job, and then claims that there was no deal.

. . . the Coach of a basketball factory who has just lost his star player to a million dollar Pro contract says he feels the kid is making a mistake by not completing his education.

. . . the Mayor of a large city takes a brief walk accompanied by half the Police Force and dozens of reporters, and says, "The city is perfectly safe!"

. . . a lumber company's ads proclaim they are doing great things for our forests.

. . . anybody assures you that "the check is in the mail."

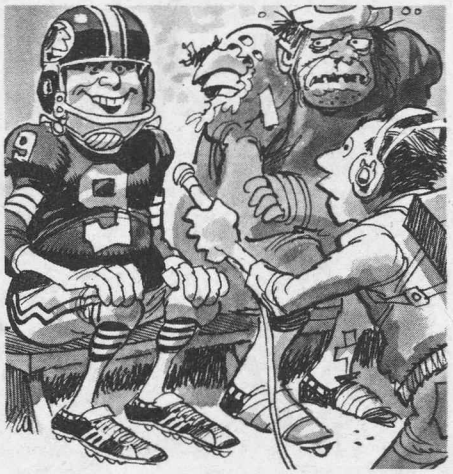
. . . a TV Network proudly announces tha this will be their finest season ever

AIN OF SALT WHEN...

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

. . . the owner of a team that has dropped ten straight games gives his Coach a vote of confidence.

. . . a Union Leader, whose members get $15.00 an hour, blames the Government for inflation and rising unemployment.



. . . a veteran quarterback who's pulling down $125,000 a year says he's unhappy because he hasn't seen enough action.

. . . the commercials for a mediocre movie saturate your TV screen, claiming that millions of people saw and loved the film no matter what the critics said about it.

. . . a former Government Official, famous for paying attention to the smallest detail, when questioned about a huge graft payoff, says, "I can't recall!"

. . . a badly beaten fighter claims he got a fast count from the Referee.

. . . the President assures us that we can beat inflation by wearing a "win" button.

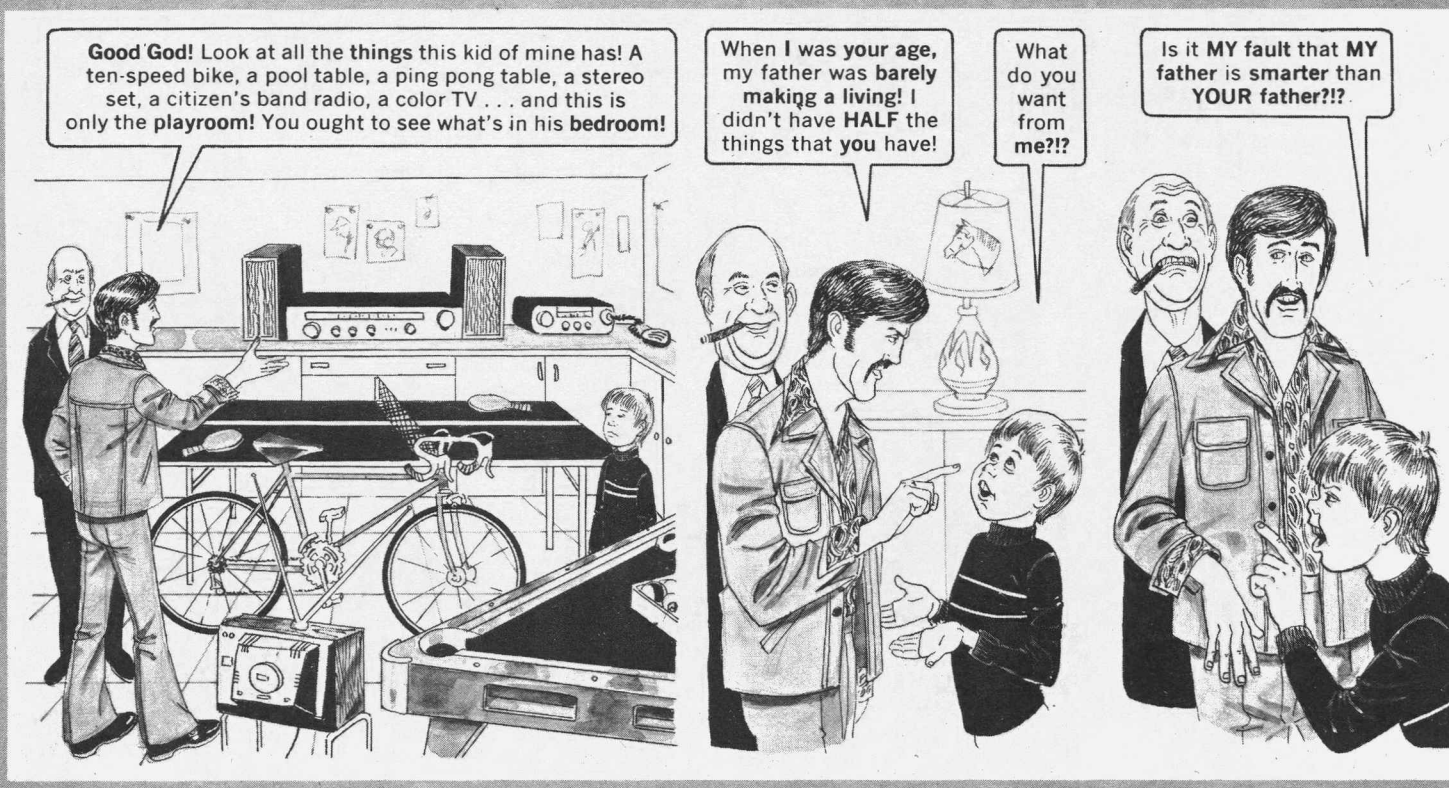
. . . a magazine charges 50¢— and then claims it's "cheap."

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... CONS

UMERS

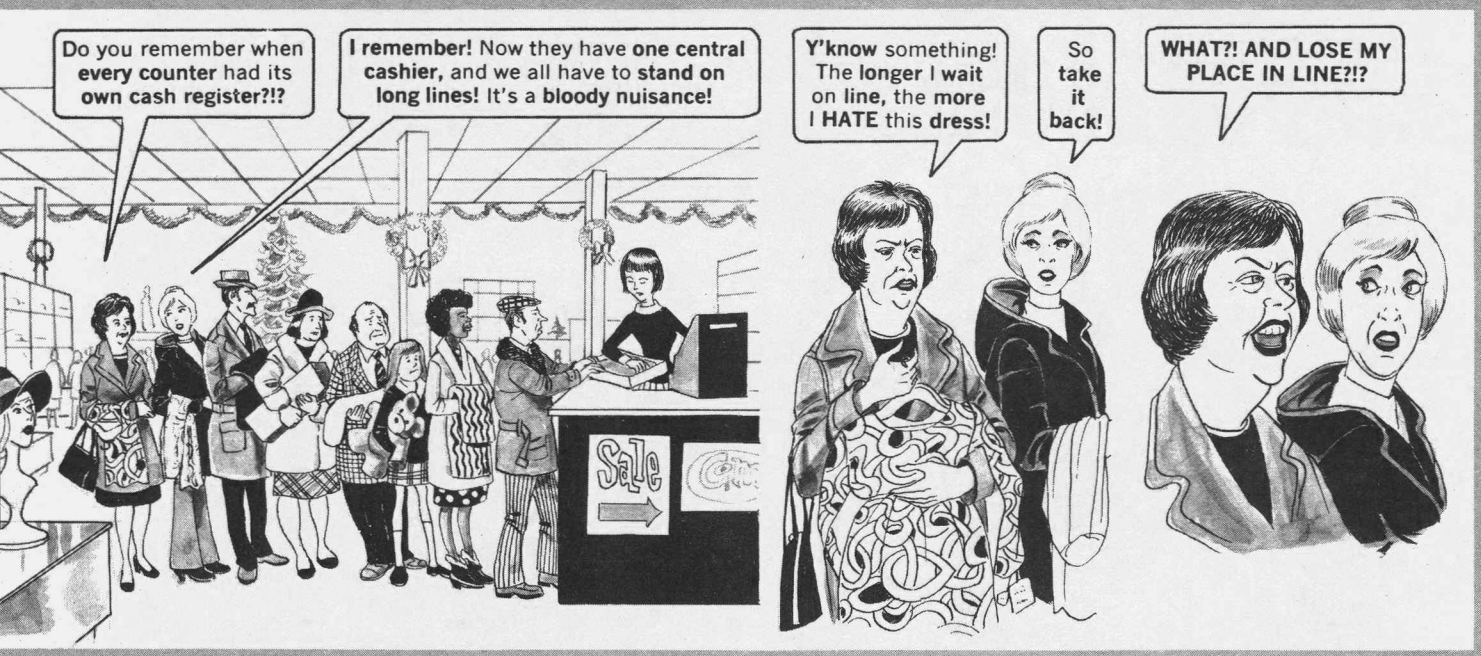
WRITER & ARTIST:
DAVID BERG



I get the feeling that I'm being watched!
You ARE!! There are closed circuit TV cameras all over the store . . . spying on us!
There are dozens of uniformed guards walking sentry! And that woman trying on the coat isn't a customer, she's a security person keeping an eye on us to see if we're shoplifters!
And that reflection you're looking at is really a two-way mirror with more security personnel watching us!
My goodness! If you know all this, why do you keep coming to this store?
Where ELSE would so many people pay so much attention to a NOBODY like ME?!?
Here you are . . . out of a job, living on Unemployment Insurance, and what do you do with the little money we have?!? You indulge yourself in your various expensive hobbies! You gotta be nuts!!
WRRZZ
Not so nuts!! Statistics show that people who are involved in hobbies tend not to go crazy!!
Yes . . . but they sure drive everybody ELSE in the family crazy!!
I went shopping today, and I absolutely lost my head! I did something really stupid!
I bought a pocket calculator, a pocket recorder, a pocket camera and a pocket knife . . .
And now, I suppose, you're going to tell me that it was really stupid because, as a result, your pockets haven't got any money left in them?!
No . . . WORSE . . . !!
It was really stupid because I haven't got any POCKETS!!

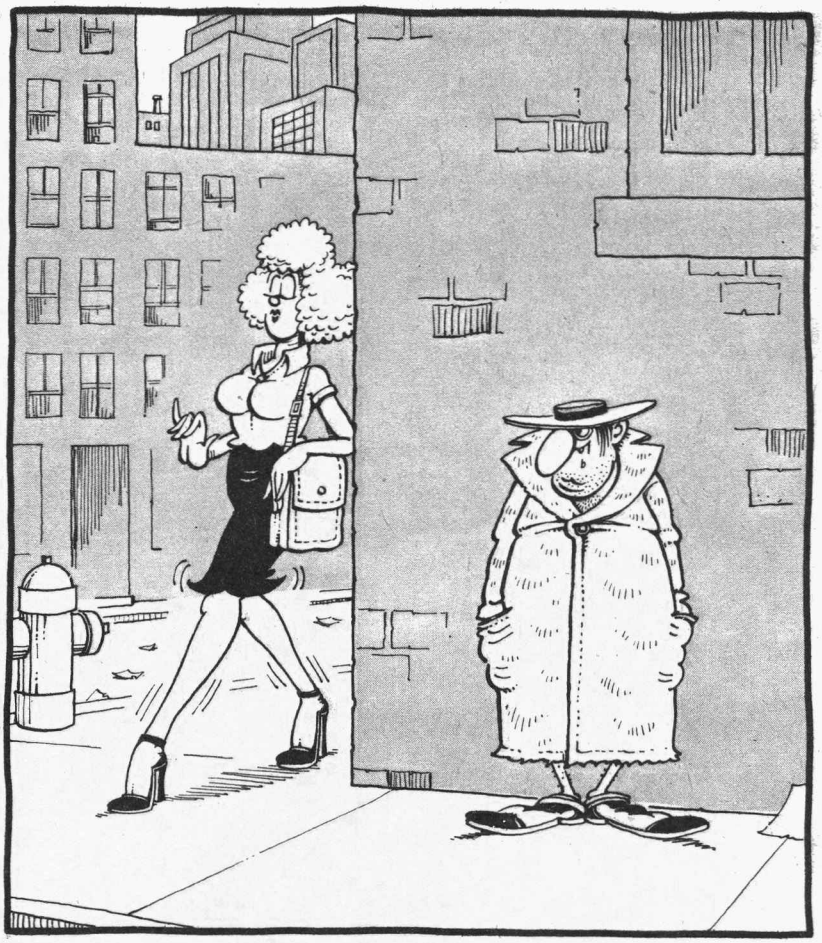
Do you **believe** it?! That **movie** is rated **"PG"**!
Yeah! It **should** be rated **"R"**!
Yecch! I'm **sick** to my **stomach!**
I'm feeling a little queasy, **too!**
That **CANDY COUNTER** should be rated **"X"**!!
Refres
POP CORN
Aw, gee . . . your **toy** broke!!
Y'know, for **six months, I saved** to buy that toy! I wanted it **so badly,** that's all I could **think** about! Finally, yesterday morning, I **bought** it! And now, it breaks into a **billion pieces!**
You **only** had it **ONE DAY?!** If **I** were **you,** I'd make such a **fuss,** the manufacturer would be **forced** to give you **another one!**
Nahhh! I **don't** think I'll **bother!**
As of **last night,** I was **already sick of it!!**
I've got **something to say** . . . and I **can't hear myself talk!!** Would you **mind shutting off** the **TV,** the **stereo,** the **vacuum cleaner,** the **air conditioner,** the **mix master** and the **drill?!**
Okay, **everything's shut off!** Now, **what** have you got to **say?**
What I want to **know** is—
WHY IS THE ELECTRIC BILL SO DAMNED HIGH?!
ROGOR KAPUTNIK

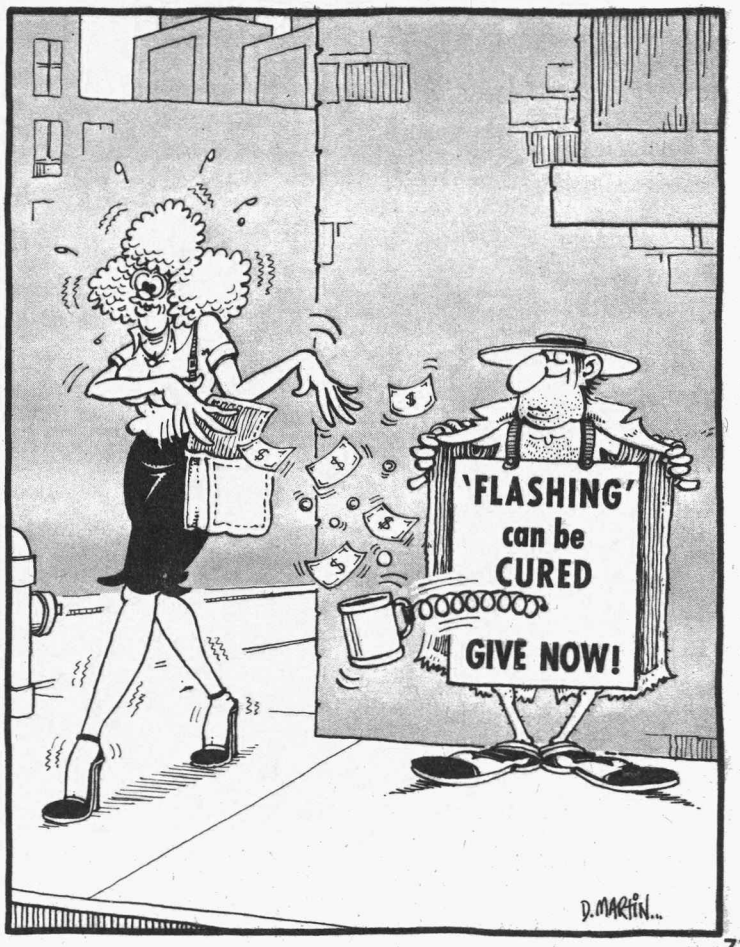
Stop by the Supermarket on the way home . . .
Oh, NO!! You know how I hate shopping!
You can wait in the car! It won't take long! I just need to get ONE ITEM!!
FIVE BAGS?!? I thought you said you only needed to get ONE ITEM . . . ?!?
I did . . .
FOOD!!


Do you remember when every counter had its own cash register?!?
I remember! Now they have one central cashier, and we all have to stand on long lines! It's a bloody nuisance!
Sale
Y'know something! The longer I wait on line, the more I HATE this dress!
So take it back!
WHAT?! AND LOSE MY PLACE IN LINE?!?

This suit is YOU!
The heck it is! That suit is SOMEONE ELSE! Some dumb cluck who hasn't got anyone to watch over him!
But, Madam! This suit is a REAL BARGAIN! The price has been slashed from $79 to $59!
That's because it was over-priced in the first place!
David Berg
Is that your wife?
Sort of . . . !
Actually, she's more my personal CONSUMER PROTECTION AGENCY!

ONE FINE DAY AT THE CORNER OF SOUTH FINSTER BOULEVARD AND FONEBONE STREET

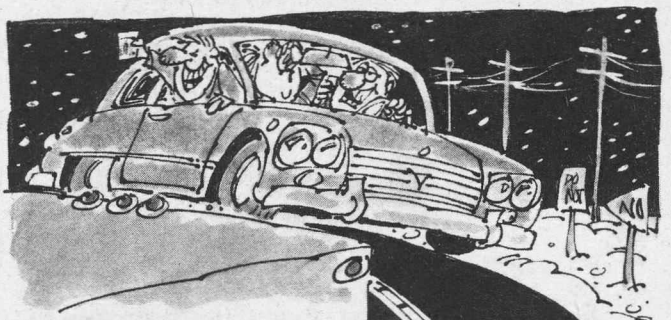




Mad's Christmas

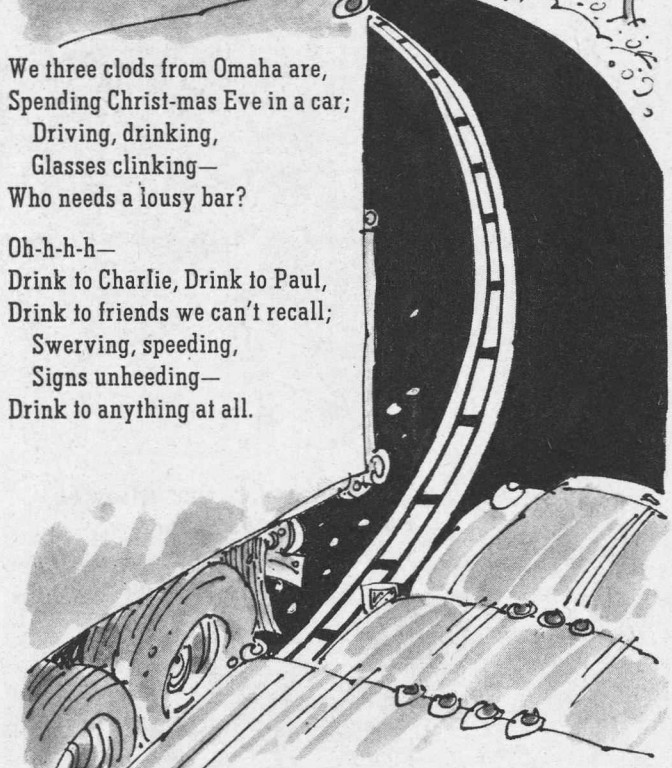
We Three Clods From Omaha Are

(Sung to the tune of *"We Three Kings From Orient Are"*)



We three clods from Omaha are,
Spending Christ-mas Eve in a car;
Driving, drinking,
Glasses clinking—
Who needs a lousy bar?

Oh-h-h-h—
Drink to Charlie, Drink to Paul,
Drink to friends we can't recall;
Swerving, speeding,
Signs unheeding—
Drink to anything at all.

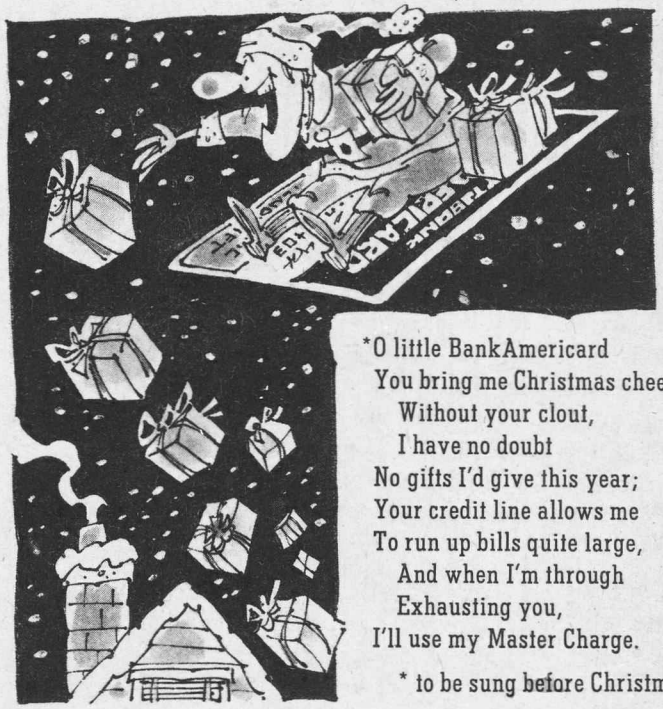


We three clods are feeling no pain,
Drunk as skunks with booze on the brain;
Senses losing,
Till we're cruising
Into a wrong-way lane.

Oh-h-h-h—
Drink to Melvin, drink to Fred,
Drink to those two trucks ahead;
Headlights flashing,
Screeching, crashing—
Drink till they pronounce us dead.

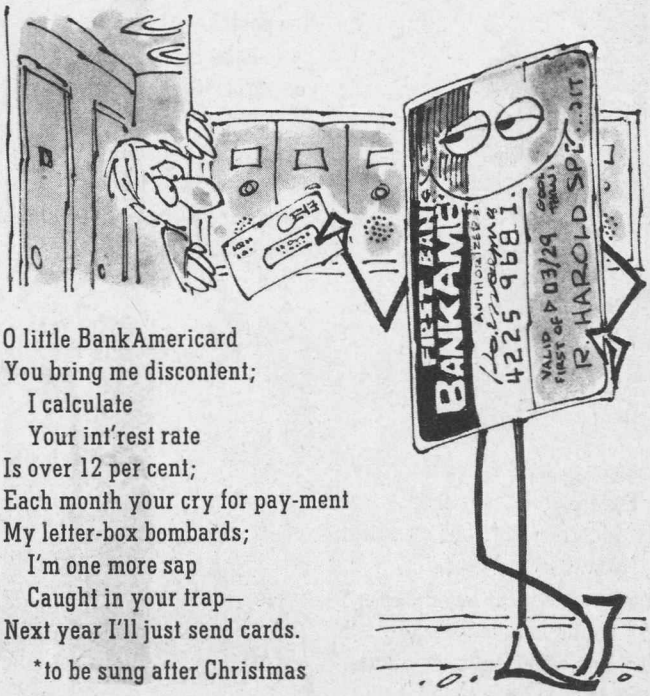
O Little BankAmericard

(Sung to the tune of *"O Little Town of Bethlehem"*)



*O little BankAmericard
You bring me Christmas cheer;
Without your clout,
I have no doubt
No gifts I'd give this year;
Your credit line allows me
To run up bills quite large,
And when I'm through
Exhausting you,
I'll use my Master Charge.

* to be sung before Christmas



*O little BankAmericard
You bring me discontent;
I calculate
Your int'rest rate
Is over 12 per cent;
Each month your cry for pay-ment
My letter-box bombards;
I'm one more sap
Caught in your trap—
Next year I'll just send cards.

*to be sung after Christmas

s Carols FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Wrap Your Gift

(Sung to the tune of *"Deck The Halls"*)

Wrap your gift with fingers agile-
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
Seal it up and mark it "Fragile"—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
There's no reason to feel nervous-
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
You can trust the Postal Service—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!

Hear the postal worker singing—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
As your parcel he is flinging—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
See it crumpled in the bin there—
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
Aren't you sor-ry you walked in there?
Fa la la la la, la la la la!

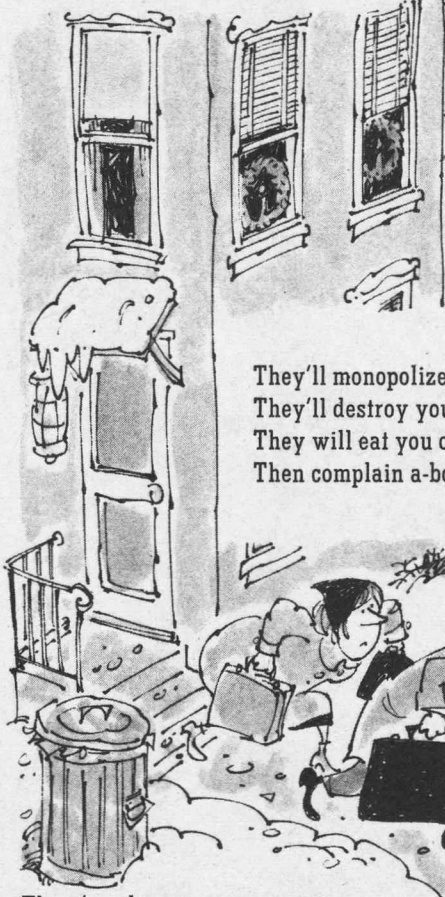
See your parcel speed to Philly—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
Through the air to Cousin Billy—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!
It will wind up in Savannah—
Fa la la, la la la, la la la!
Vi-a Nome and Butte, Montana—
Fa la la la la, la la la la!

Sam and Roz Are Coming To Town

(Sung to the tune of
"Santa Claus is Coming To Town")

You better give up
On Christmas this year—
You haven't a chance
With relatives here—
Sam and Roz are coming to town.

They're bringing their kids
To add to your fun—
They're staying ten days;
You thought it was one—
Sam and Roz are coming to town.



They'll monopolize your bathroom;
They'll destroy your sol-i-tude;
They will eat you out of house and home,
Then complain a-bout the food.

There's only one way
To save your No-el—
You give 'em your house;
You take a hotel—
Sam and Roz are coming to town.

God Rest Ye Poor Small Businessmen

(Sung to the tune of
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen")

God rest ye poor small businessmen
Who've managed to survive;
Be glad in this e-con-o-my
That you are still alive;
Give shouts of praise at Christmas time
When folks who buy appear;
There's a chance . . . you'll break even for the year—
For the whole year—
There's a chance that you'll break even for the year.

The chain-stores and con-glom-er-ates
Have brought you to your knees;
High taxes, rent and labor costs
Have caught you in a squeeze;
The cost of goods keeps going up—
Inflation's running on—
So give thanks . . . you can buy cheap from Taiwan—
Good old Taiwan—
So give thanks that you can buy cheap from Taiwan.

It Hangs Down From Our Chandelier

(Sung to the tune of
"It Came Upon a Midnight Clear")

It hangs down fro-m our chandelier—
We have no idea what it does;
Its shape is weird and it drips with goo
And lets off a high-sounding buzz;
It grows a couple of feet each day
And wiggles with kind of a twitch;
We keep it 'cause it's a pres-ent from
A visiting uncle who's rich.

Out There On The Sidewalk

(Sung to the tune of
"Away In A Manger")

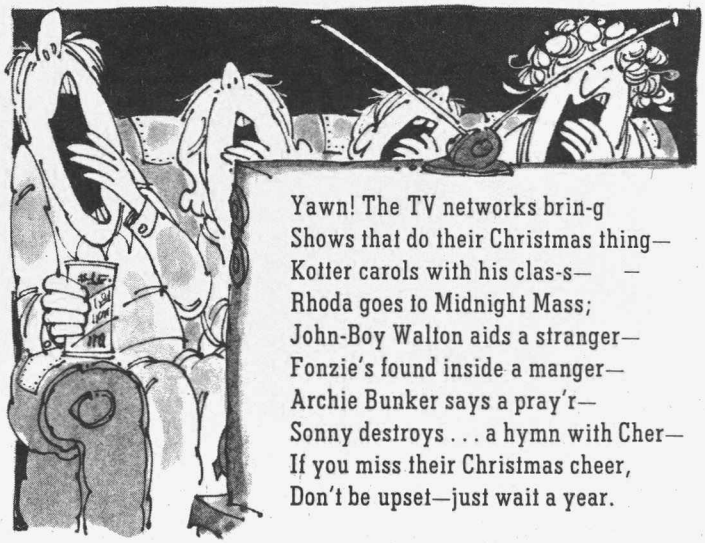
Out there on the sidewalk a Santa Claus stands
Beside a fake chimney, a bell in his hands;
A second one's smoking a smelly cigar;
A third one is picking his teeth in a bar;

A fourth Santa's trying to pick up a blonde;
A fifth one is drunk in the gutter beyond;
A sixth one is part of a window display;
The seventh and eighth ones appear to be gay;

They're fat and they're skinny; they're short and they're tall;
And none looks a bit like the real one at all;
With so many Santas, it's tough to keep score—
Small wonder that kids don't believe any-more.

Yawn! The TV Networks Bring

(Sung to the tune of
"Hark! The Herald Angels Sing")

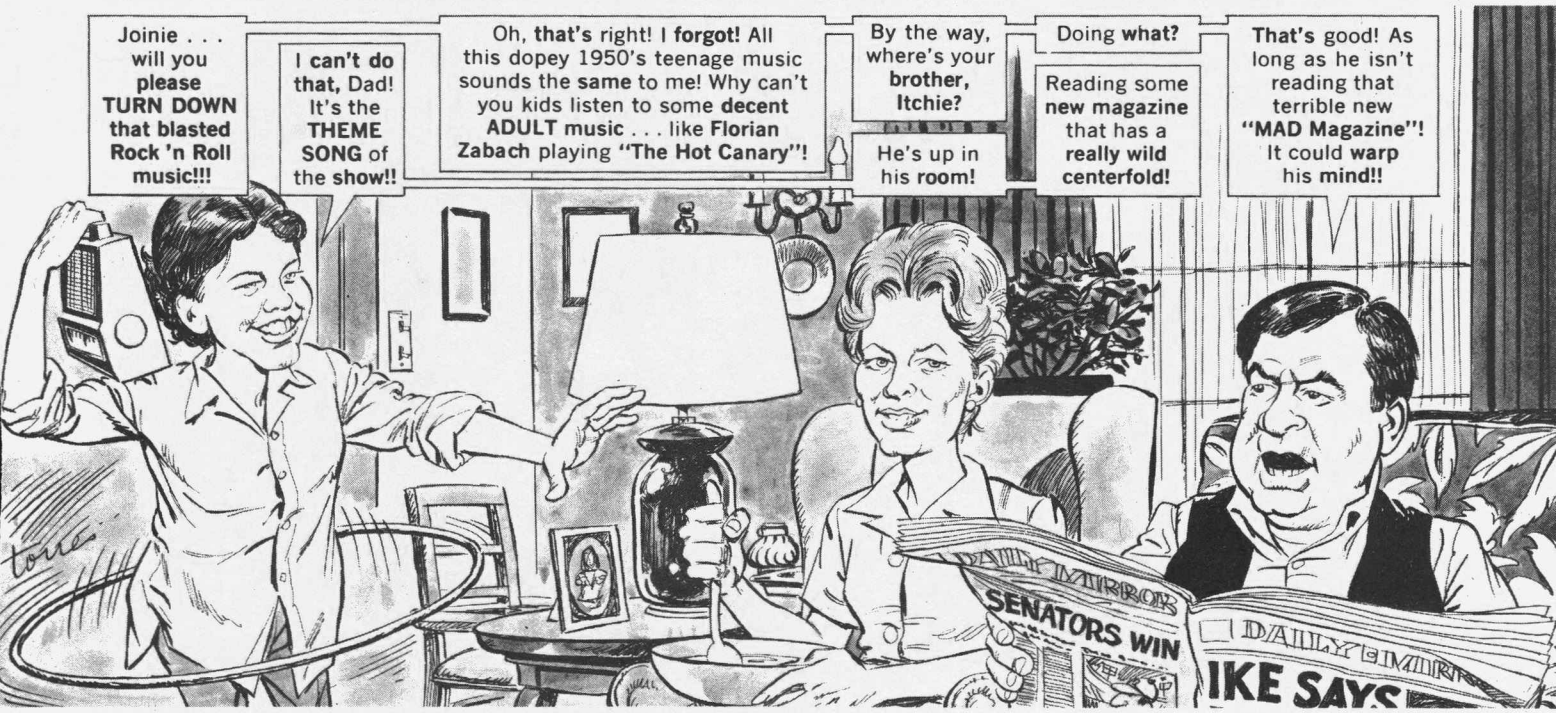


Yawn! The TV networks brin-g
Shows that do their Christmas thing—
Kotter carols with his clas-s—
Rhoda goes to Midnight Mass;
John-Boy Walton aids a stranger—
Fonzie's found inside a manger—
Archie Bunker says a pray'r—
Sonny destroys . . . a hymn with Cher—
If you miss their Christmas cheer,
Don't be upset—just wait a year.

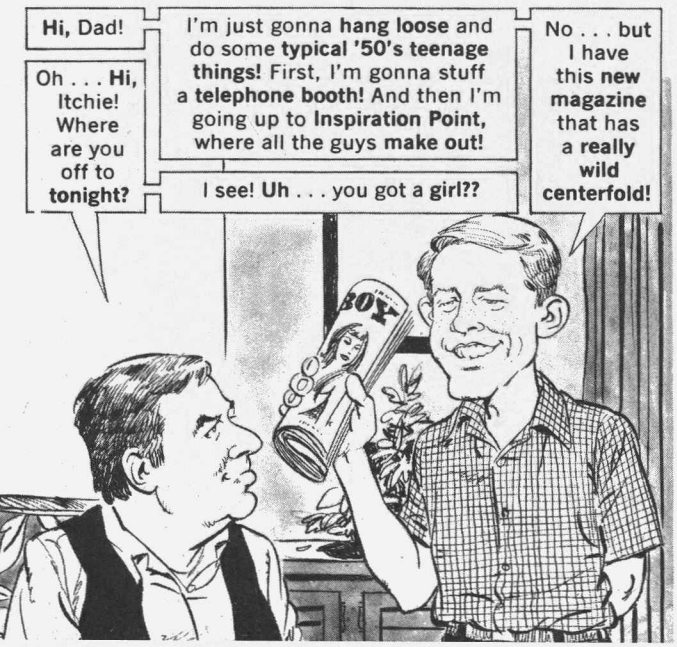
THE FATUOUS FIFTIES DEPT.

Have you noticed that people seem to get disgustingly nostalgic about things they weren't really very crazy about in the first place? Like the 50's? We figure that any decade that had the Korean War, the Edsel, Senator Joseph McCarthy, Davy Crockett hats, the Hula-Hoop and Pat Boone wearing fruit boots can't be ALL GOOD! And yet, the hottest show on TV these days is about this very bland, very silly decade where the biggest problem seemed to be *who* was making out with *whom*, and how fast your *face* would clear up. So, okay nerds. Go put on your blue suede shoes, your pedal pushers, your ankle slave bracelets and your leather jackets and get yourselves arrested for committing an idiocy while reading

CRAPPY DAYS

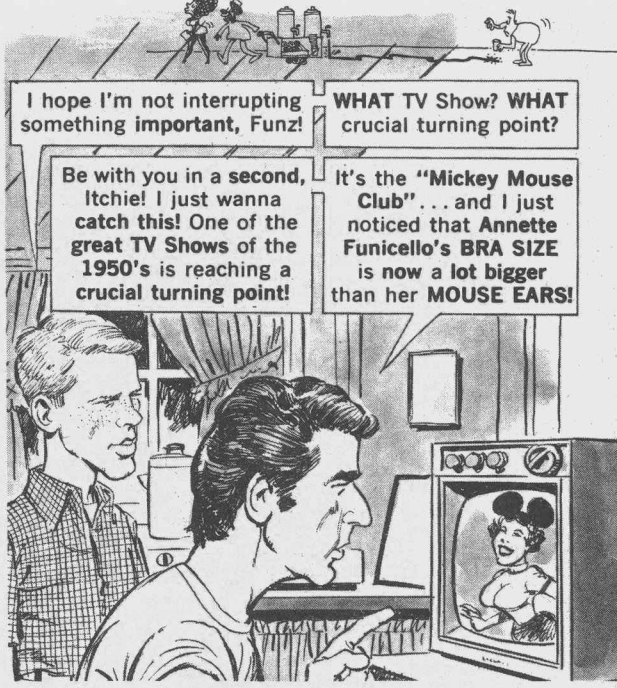


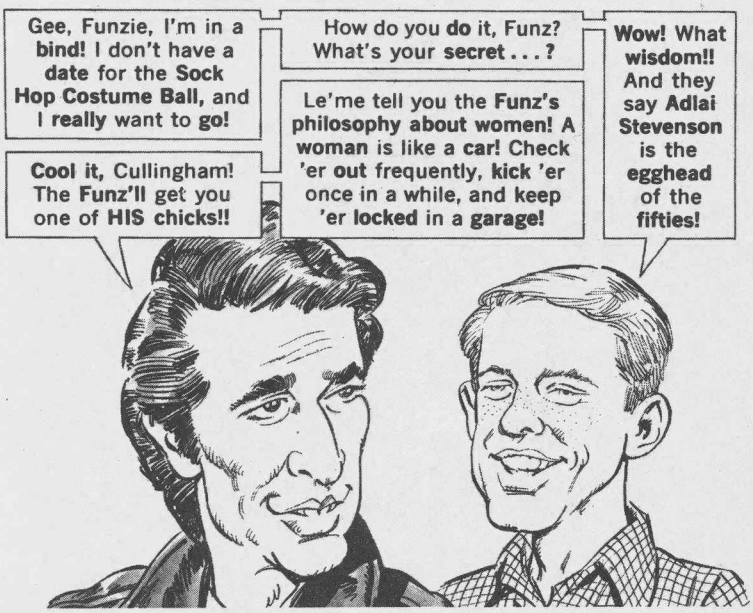
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

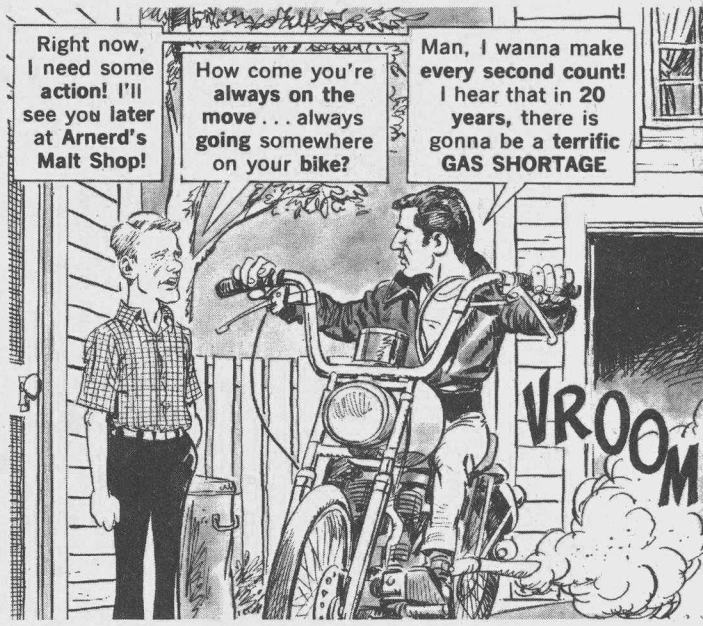


Anything wrong, Itchie? How come you're still moping around here?
Dad . . . can I speak to you about a problem?
Is it serious?
Not very! It—it's just that I don't have a DATE for the "SOCK HOP COSTUME BALL"!
On THIS show, that's SERIOUS!!
I don't know, Dad! Something weird is happening to me . . . career-wise! In every '50's film, I used to be the most popular teen-age symbol around! And now, I seem to be losing it all!
Nonsense, Itchie! We all love you . . . even more than ever!
YOU do! But the girls in school . . . and the audience out there . . . THEY DON'T! Someone ELSE is taking my place!!
Itchie, the audience out there watches this show because they like to live in the past! They DIG NOSTALGIA!
So do I! Boy, am I nostalgic for the "good old days"!!
When were the "good old days"?
About two years ago . . . when I was the Star of this show!
Well, whoever this person is, if he's more popular than YOU, he must be very well-mannered, articulate and intelligent!
HEY-YAYYYYY!! It's the FUNZ!!
Then again, maybe I could be wrong!!
Sorry the Funz is late . . . but I was having my hair styled down at the Texaco Station!
At the Texaco Station?!
Yeah! They move my head up and down under the grease rack! HEY-YAYYYY!! WOAH-OHHHH!!
What are you doing with all your suitcases, Funzie??
HEY-YAYY! Funny, you should ask! Since I'M the STAR of the show now, I'm movin' into Itchie's room! Let HIM sleep over the garage!
This fugitive from a leather factory is America's new "Cult Hero"!?! Tell me, WHY is the Funz so popular?!?
Because he's pure 1950! He represents the sex appeal of Elvis Presley, the charisma of Marlon Brando . . . and, in all probability, the staying power of Snooky Lanson!
I still don't get what all the fuss is about! To me, he looks like the fashion coordinator for a rumble!
HEY-YAYY! WOAH-OHH!
The Funz'll pretend he didn't hear that remark!
Say, Funz! What's with the "Hey-yayy" and the "Woah-ohh"?
The Funz is the coolest, and that's HIS SOUND! That shows he's cool and tough!
On the other hand . . . it could be gas! That shows he drinks lots of Cokes!
How would you like a knuckle sandwich, Cullingham?!?

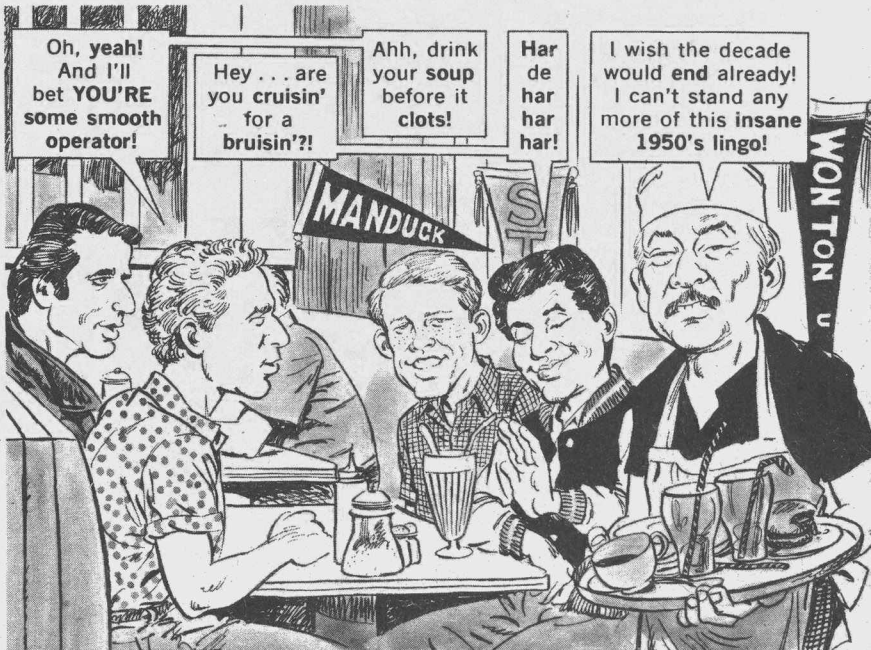
Come on, now! Relax, Funzie! Why don't you take off your jacket and make yourself at home?
HEY-YAYY!! Easy, Mrs. C! The jacket STAYS ON!! Where the Funz goes, the threads go! The Funz has worn this same outfit for over three years now!
We KNOW, Funz! We've been meaning to TALK to you about that! It's starting to get a little—shall we say—GAMEY!
And how would YOU like a knuckle sandwich, Mrs. C?!?

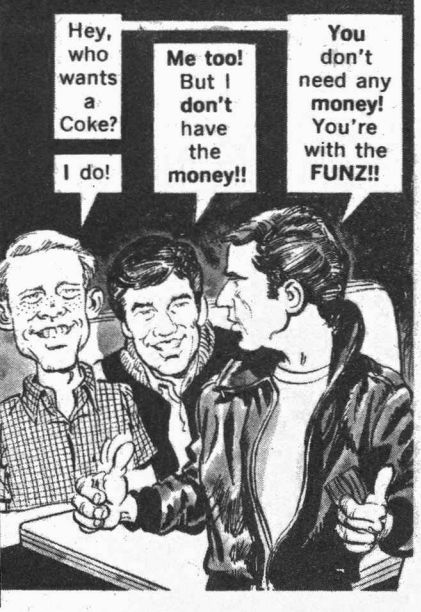

I hope I'm not interrupting something important, Funz!
WHAT TV Show? WHAT crucial turning point?
Be with you in a second, Itchie! I just wanna catch this! One of the great TV Shows of the 1950's is reaching a crucial turning point!
It's the "Mickey Mouse Club"... and I just noticed that Annette Funicello's BRA SIZE is now a lot bigger than her MOUSE EARS!


Gee, Funzie, I'm in a bind! I don't have a date for the Sock Hop Costume Ball, and I really want to go!
How do you do it, Funz? What's your secret...?
Wow! What wisdom!! And they say Adlai Stevenson is the egghead of the fifties!
Le'me tell you the Funz's philosophy about women! A woman is like a car! Check 'er out frequently, kick 'er once in a while, and keep 'er locked in a garage!
Cool it, Cullingham! The Funz'll get you one of HIS chicks!!


Right now, I need some action! I'll see you later at Arnerd's Malt Shop!
How come you're always on the move... always going somewhere on your bike?
Man, I wanna make every second count! I hear that in 20 years, there is gonna be a terrific GAS SHORTAGE
VROOM

Look! All the nerds are here!
Hi, Putzie! Hi, Riff!
Hi, fellas! I was just telling Putzie about this chick I picked up at the movies! I took her up to Inspiration Point... and had a "perfect night"!
Yeah! A "perfect night"! He went 0 for 9 in makeout attempts!

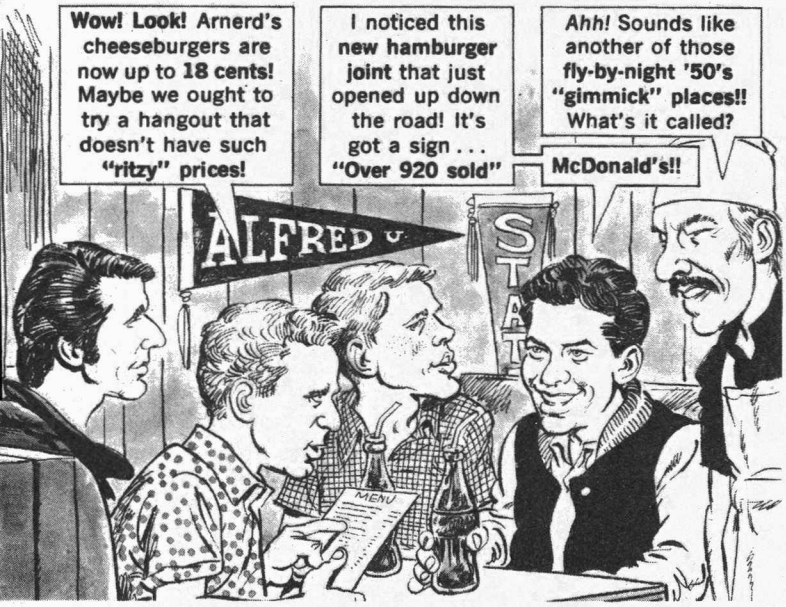

Oh, yeah! And I'll bet YOU'RE some smooth operator!
Hey... are you cruisin' for a bruisin'?!
Ahh, drink your soup before it clots!
Har de har har!
I wish the decade would end already! I can't stand any more of this insane 1950's lingo!
MANDUCK
WONTON

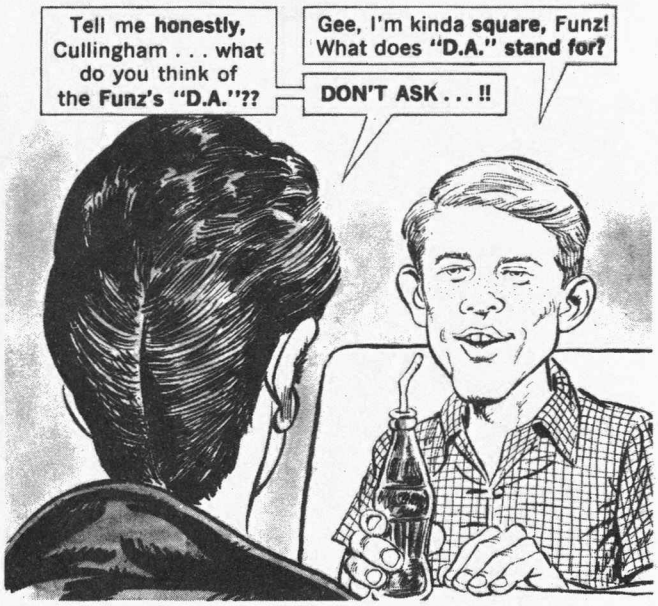

Hey, who wants a Coke?
I do!
Me too! But I don't have the money!!
You don't need any money! You're with the FUNZ!!

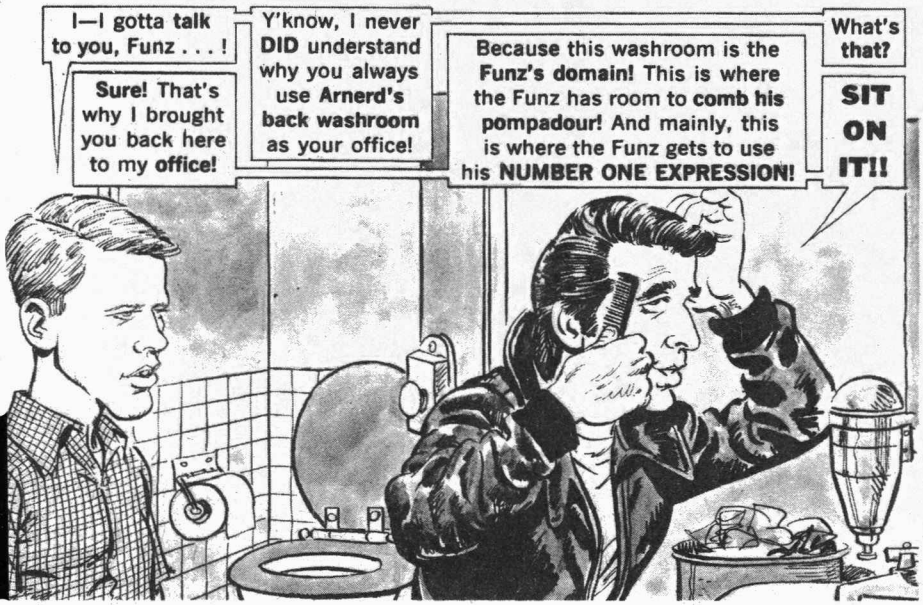
DRINK
Coca-Cola
KLONG

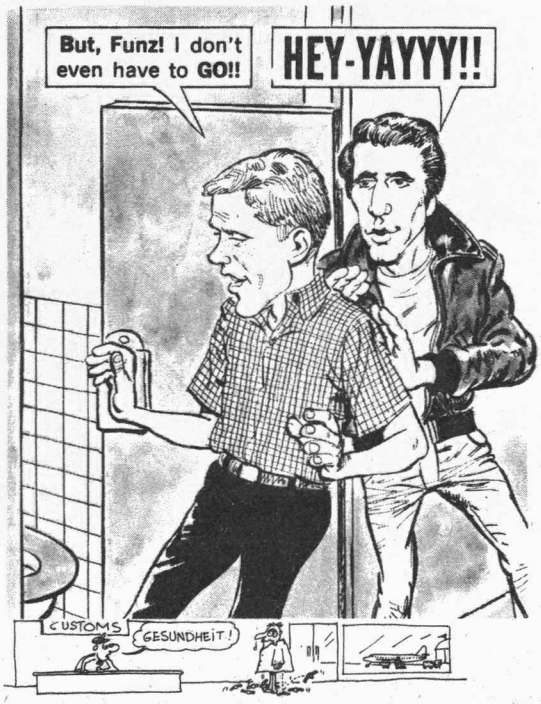
CLUNK
CLANK

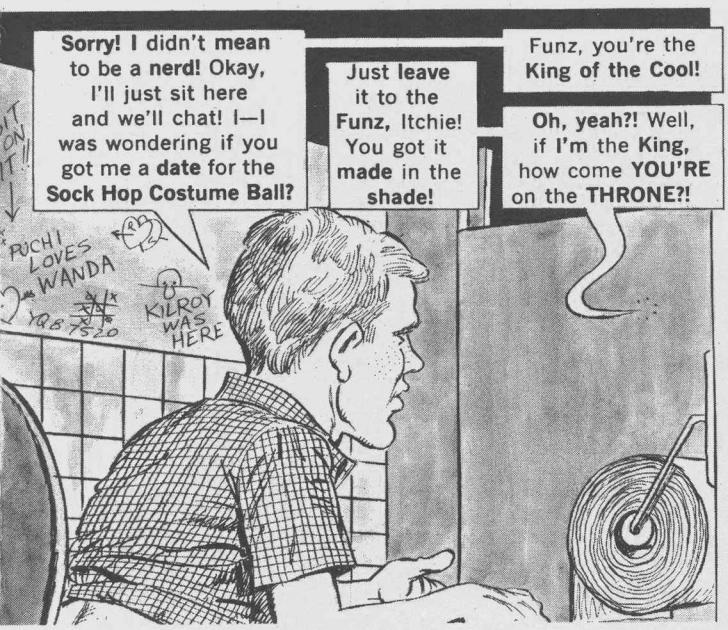
Here ya are! Live it up!!
Y'know, if I didn't have a shoe repair shop on the side, I'd go bankrupt!!


Wow! Look! Arnerd's cheeseburgers are now up to 18 cents! Maybe we ought to try a hangout that doesn't have such "ritzy" prices!
I noticed this new hamburger joint that just opened up down the road! It's got a sign . . . "Over 920 sold"
Ahh! Sounds like another of those fly-by-night '50's "gimmick" places!! What's it called?
McDonald's!!
ALFRED
STATE
MENU

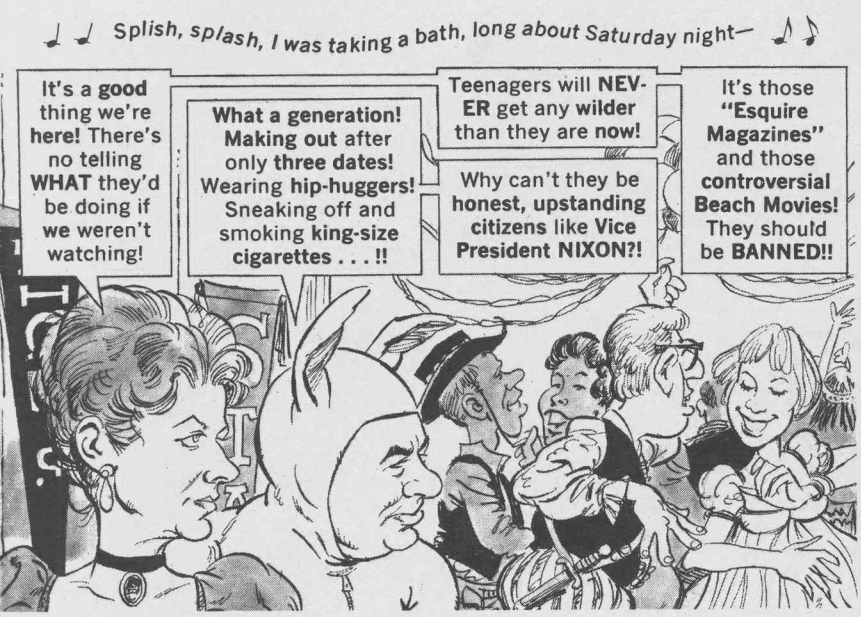

Tell me honestly, Cullingham . . . what do you think of the Funz's "D.A."??
Gee, I'm kinda square, Funz! What does "D.A." stand for?
DON'T ASK . . . !!


I—I gotta talk to you, Funz . . . !
Sure! That's why I brought you back here to my office!
Y'know, I never DID understand why you always use Arnerd's back washroom as your office!
Because this washroom is the Funz's domain! This is where the Funz has room to comb his pompadour! And mainly, this is where the Funz gets to use his NUMBER ONE EXPRESSION!
What's that?
SIT ON IT!!


But, Funz! I don't even have to GO!!
HEY-YAYYY!!
CUSTOMS
GESUNDHEIT!

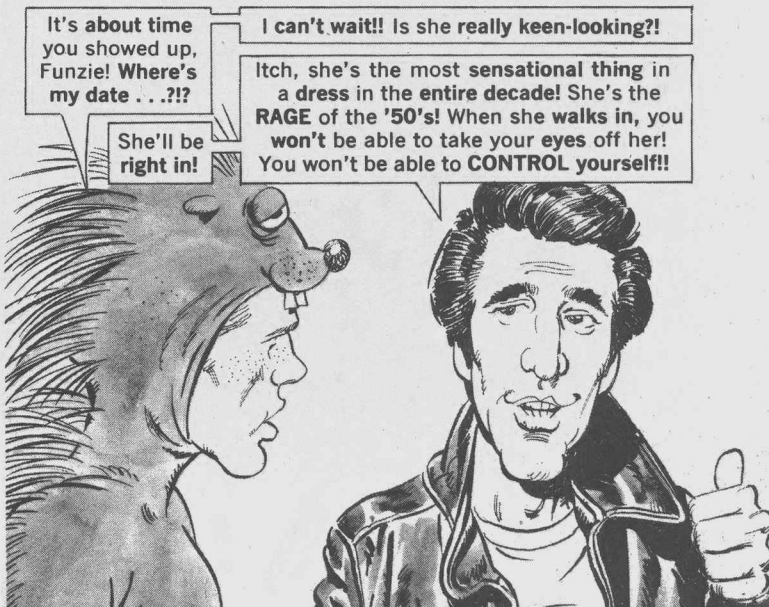

Sorry! I didn't mean to be a nerd! Okay, I'll just sit here and we'll chat! I—I was wondering if you got me a date for the Sock Hop Costume Ball?
Just leave it to the Funz, Itchie! You got it made in the shade!
Funz, you're the King of the Cool!
Oh, yeah?! Well, if I'm the King, how come YOU'RE on the THRONE?!
PUCHI LOVES WANDA
KILROY WAS HERE

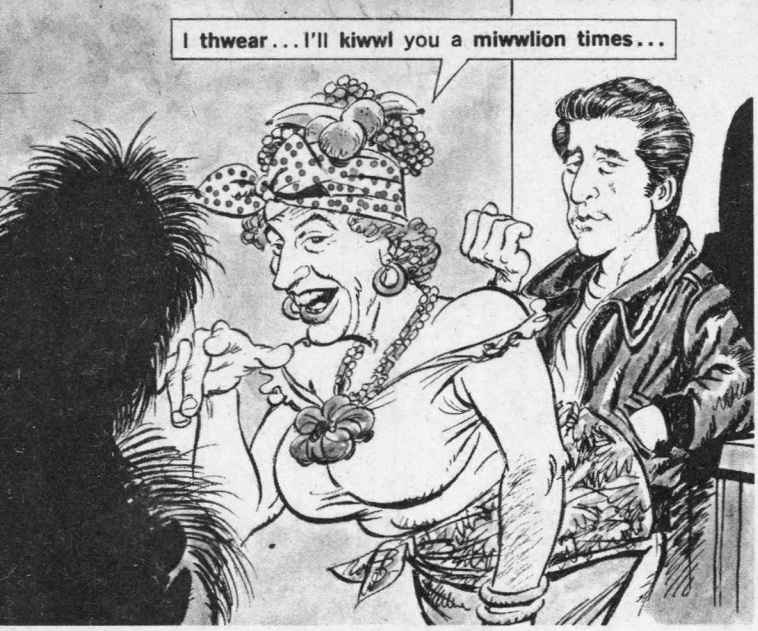
Well, here we are . . . chaperoning the Sock Hop Costume Ball!
Yeah! I just LOVE getting out of the house and into some silly costume! Have you noticed . . . they DO this to us every three or four shows?!
Are you embarrassed?
Don't be ridiculous! I ENJOY going down to the Paramount Wardrobe Department and ordering a "44 STOUT BUNNY SUIT"!


♩ ♩ Splish, splash, I was taking a bath, long about Saturday night— ♪ ♪
It's a good thing we're here! There's no telling WHAT they'd be doing if we weren't watching!
What a generation! Making out after only three dates! Wearing hip-huggers! Sneaking off and smoking king-size cigarettes . . . !!
Teenagers will NEVER get any wilder than they are now!
Why can't they be honest, upstanding citizens like Vice President NIXON?!
It's those "Esquire Magazines" and those controversial Beach Movies! They should be BANNED!!

♩ When your sweetheart sends a letter of good-bye— ♩
Say! In what EXACT year is this show taking place . . .?!
Because I'm all mixed up! They just played "Splish Splash". . . a hit from 1958! And now they're playing "Cry". . . a hit from six years EARLIER in the '50's!!
Whatever is convenient for the show! Why?
Okay, so we'll dance backwards!

Hi, Itchie! You having fun?!?
Not really, Dad! Funzie hasn't shown up with my date yet, and I've been dancing alone all evening!
Well . . . don't blame the Funz! It's hard getting a partner when you're dressed as a PORCUPINE!!

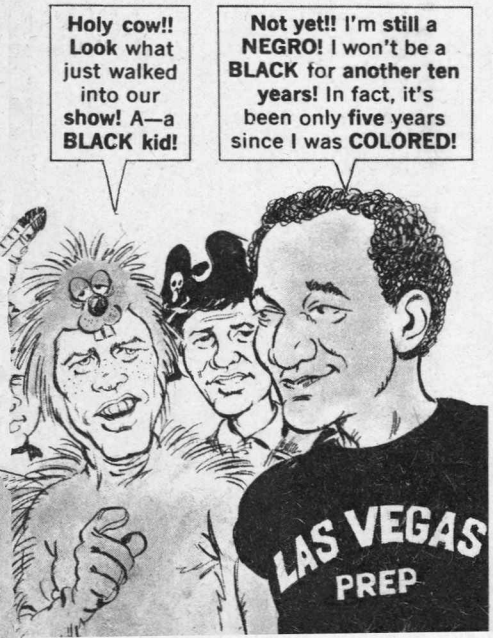

It's about time you showed up, Funzie! Where's my date . . .?!?
I can't wait!! Is she really keen-looking?!
Itch, she's the most sensational thing in a dress in the entire decade! She's the RAGE of the '50's! When she walks in, you won't be able to take your eyes off her! You won't be able to CONTROL yourself!!
She'll be right in!


I thwear . . . I'll kiwwl you a miwwlion times . . .

Uncle MILTY is my date for the Sock Hop Costume Ball ?!? Why, Funzie? WHY?
'Cause that's the Funz's JOB on this show, you nerd, you!
WHAT?!? To bring on some Comedian in DRAG?!
No, clod, to pull in the RATINGS!! And in the '50's, Uncle Milty is NUMBER ONE in the RATINGS!!

Well, I gotta be going now! I'm off to my new '50's job: "Valet Car Stripping!"
Funz, why don't you settle down and straighten out?!? You know . . . America is the land of opportunity for the right kind of men!!
I know! That's why I'm staying EXACTLY where I am, Mr. C.!!
How come . . . ?!?
In what other country can a man like me . . . in his 30's . . . make a million bucks playing the part of a 19-year-old . . . giving everyone "The Finger"?!?

HEY-YAYYY!!
WOAH-OHHH!!


Holy cow!! Look what just walked into our show! A—a BLACK kid!
Not yet!! I'm still a NEGRO! I won't be a BLACK for another ten years! In fact, it's been only five years since I was COLORED!
LAS VEGAS PREP

There must be some mistake! Blacks aren't on television in the '50's!
I KNOW!! But I think I'll just wait around here at the dance!!
Wait?!? For what . . . ?!
For the '70's, you jive turkey!!
That's when ME and my FRIENDS take over!
Hey, Sanford! Is it okay to come in?
Sure thing, Jefferson! And bring Florida and the rest!!!
LAS VEGAS PREP
P

WHAT KIND OF VICIOUS BIG SHOTS HAVE BEEN TAKING OVER OUR CITIES?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

One "Big Shot" after another has always tried to muscle in on crowded, troubled cities! But lately, a most vicious and dangerous type has emerged to threaten the urbanite. To discover the identity of this new menace, fold in page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

SATURATED WITH POWER, THIS NEW "BIG SHOT" HAS A HEYDAY NETTING MILLIONS FROM HELPLESS VICTIMS WHOSE PLIGHT SPECIFICALLY AMUSES THE BIG SHOT'S MORBID VICIOUS PALS

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

FISH...OR FOUL?

A SCENE WE'D HATE TO SEA

ANOTHER MAD MINI-POSTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY GARCIA

WHAT KIND OF VICIOUS BIG SHOTS HAVE BEEN TAKING OVER OUR CITIES?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A|B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

SATURDAY NIGHT SPECIALS

A|B